THE CHORAL FRIEND

ZUNDEL.

F-46.103
Z865c

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCC
3989

Division

Section

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

http://archive.org/details/choralfr00zund

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
FEB 15 1934
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE

CHORAL FRIEND:

A COLLECTION OF

NEW CHURCH MUSIC,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ANTHEMS AND PSALM AND HYMN TUNES; ADAPTED TO THE MOST COMMON METRES.

BY JOHN ZUNDEL,

ORGANIST AT THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY A. S. BARNES & CO.,
51 JOHN STREET.

CINCINNATI: H. W. DERBY & CO.

1852.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852,

BY JOHN ZUNDEL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York

S. W. BENEDICT, Music Stereotyper and Printer,
16 *Spruce street, New York.*

PREFACE.

In presenting this new work to the public, the author does not claim that it will supply a long-felt want, or that it will be better than any ever before published—but he simply solicits for it a place in church choirs, as it is smaller than the voluminous collections so generally used, and cheap enough to be procured without much expense.

Some of the tunes were originally composed to German words, and often sung from manuscript at St. Ann's Lutheran Church in St. Petersburgh, Russia. Most of them, however, were composed for my former and present choirs, (Church of the Savior, Rev. Dr. Farley's, and Plymouth Church, Rev. H. W. Beecher's), and they have been printed by special request of several members of both congregations. More than one half of the work was privately distributed about a year ago, and having met with decided approbation, it has been deemed proper to issue the remainder. Of the music, therefore, it can be truly said, that the greater part of it has *been put to trial*, and *been thought worthy* of being laid before the public.

A single glance at this work will reveal one new feature, viz., the great proportion of ORIGINAL TUNES. On opening most of the large collections of psalmody now publishing, the great number of arrangements from masters, and the frequent adaptations of almost all sorts of musical productions into tune-forms, might lead to the belief that tunes of such a kind were considered preferable. The furnishing therefore of some seventy-six original pieces, and but few arrangements, in this work, may appear as a somewhat hazardous undertaking, should the presumption prove true that the public taste calls for arrangements of this character in preference to original hymn tunes. But while we know that there are some such arrangements deserving much credit and favorably known, yet there have also appeared from time to time *original tunes* which have so enshrined themselves in the affections of the Church, that they will ever hold a place in her memory—in support of which we need only mention Missionary Chant, Missionary Hymn, Federal Street, Ortonville, Windham, Zephyr, and above all, Old Hundred, Dundee, and Nuremberg.

We think the time has now come when the musical public will appreciate an original tune, if it really possesses sterling merit, and not take it for granted that any tune *must* be a good one merely because it is said to be arranged from Beethoven, Gluck, &c. And it is this conviction, no less than a sense of duty, which encourages us to lay before the public the following new tunes.

As has been already intimated, the greater part of the contents of this work are

compositions of the author; and where he has been indebted to other composers or sources for arrangements, due credit has been given.

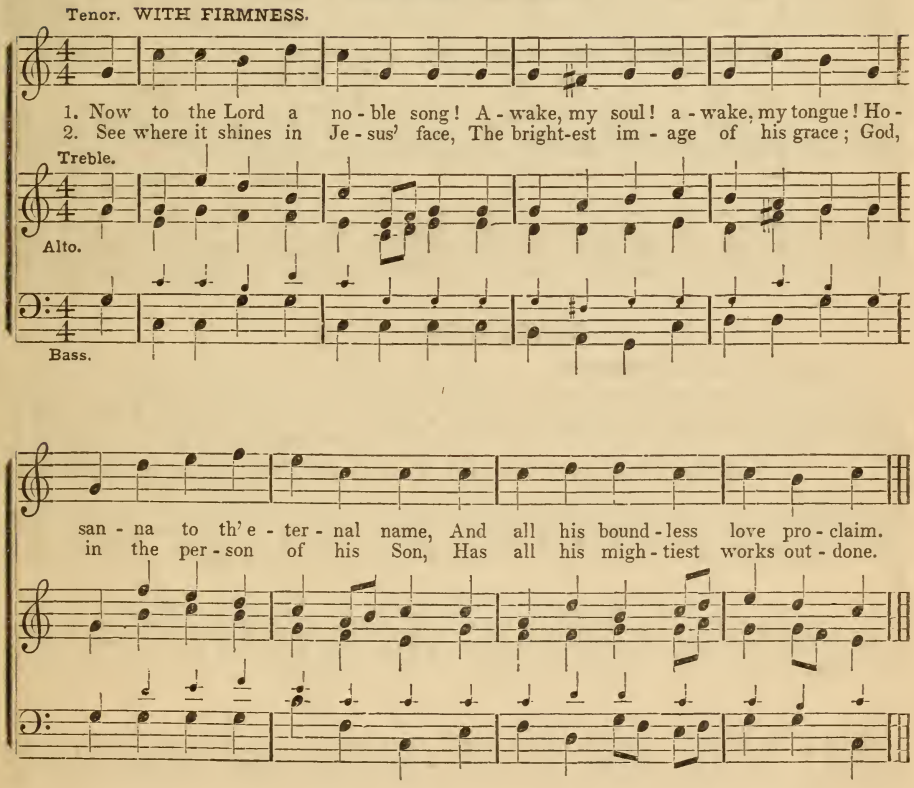
This work is intended for choirs principally; and although the greater part of the tunes are for congregational choirs, yet the wants of single or quartette choirs have not been overlooked.

With this brief exposition of our views, this little work, the product of many a pleasant hour, is now presented to the Church as a contribution to our beloved Zion. May it aid in inspiring in the sanctuary those devotional feelings which, begun on earth, will find their fullest and fittest expression only when, standing in the unveiled presence of the Redeemer, we sing the song of "Moses and the Lamb."

Brooklyn, *Oct.* 1852. J. Z.

THE CHORAL FRIEND.

HOSANNA. L. M.


Tenor. WITH FIRMNESS.
1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho -
2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The bright-est im - age of his grace; God,
Treble.
Alto.
Bass.
san - na to th' e - ter - nal name, And all his bound - less love pro - claim.
in the per - son of his Son, Has all his migh - tiest works out - done.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

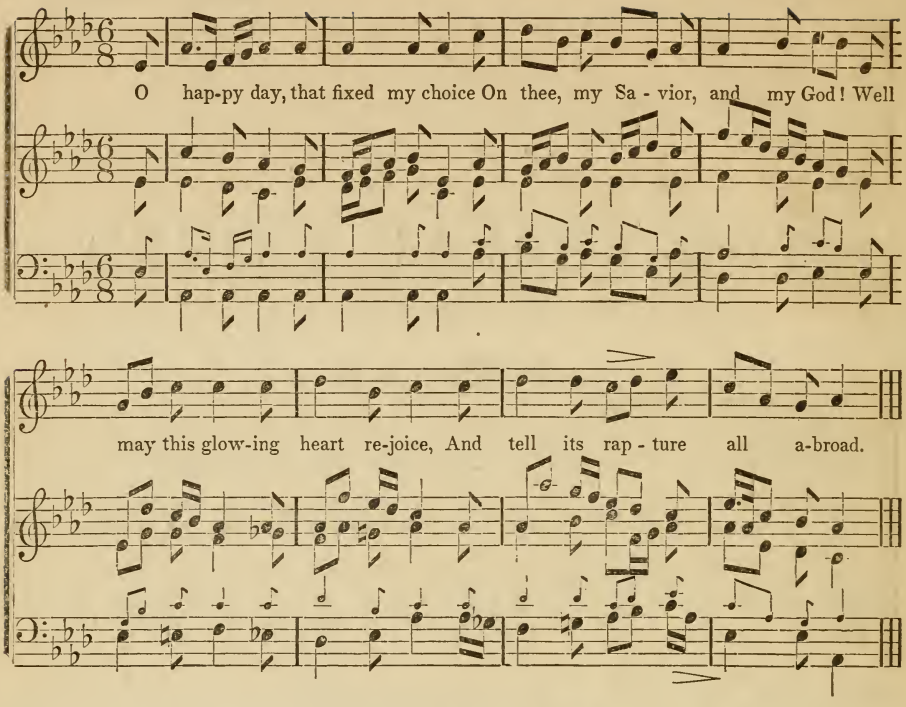
4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

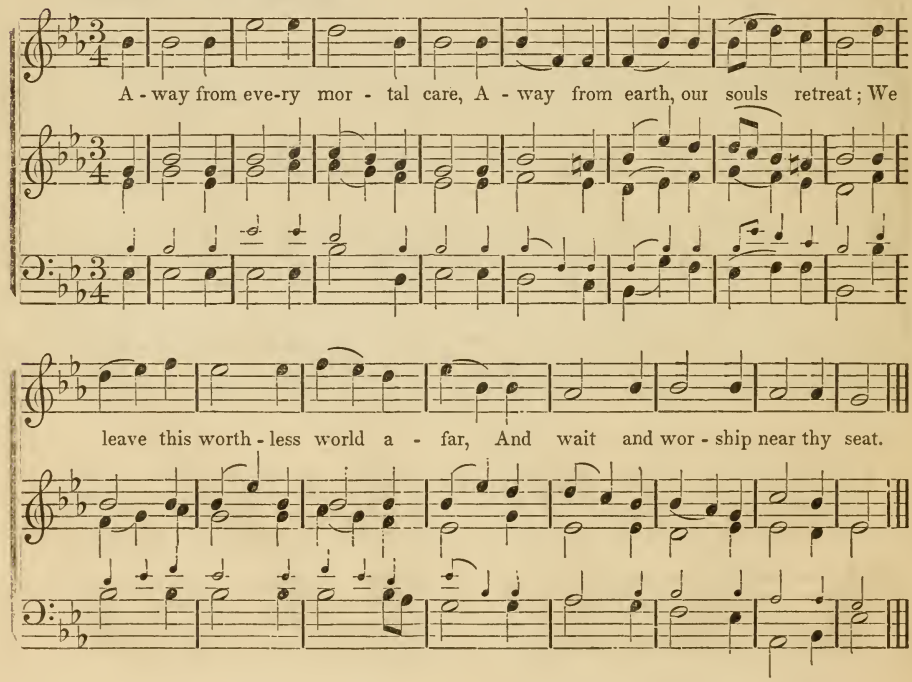
ROPES. L. M.

SLOW AND TENDERLY.

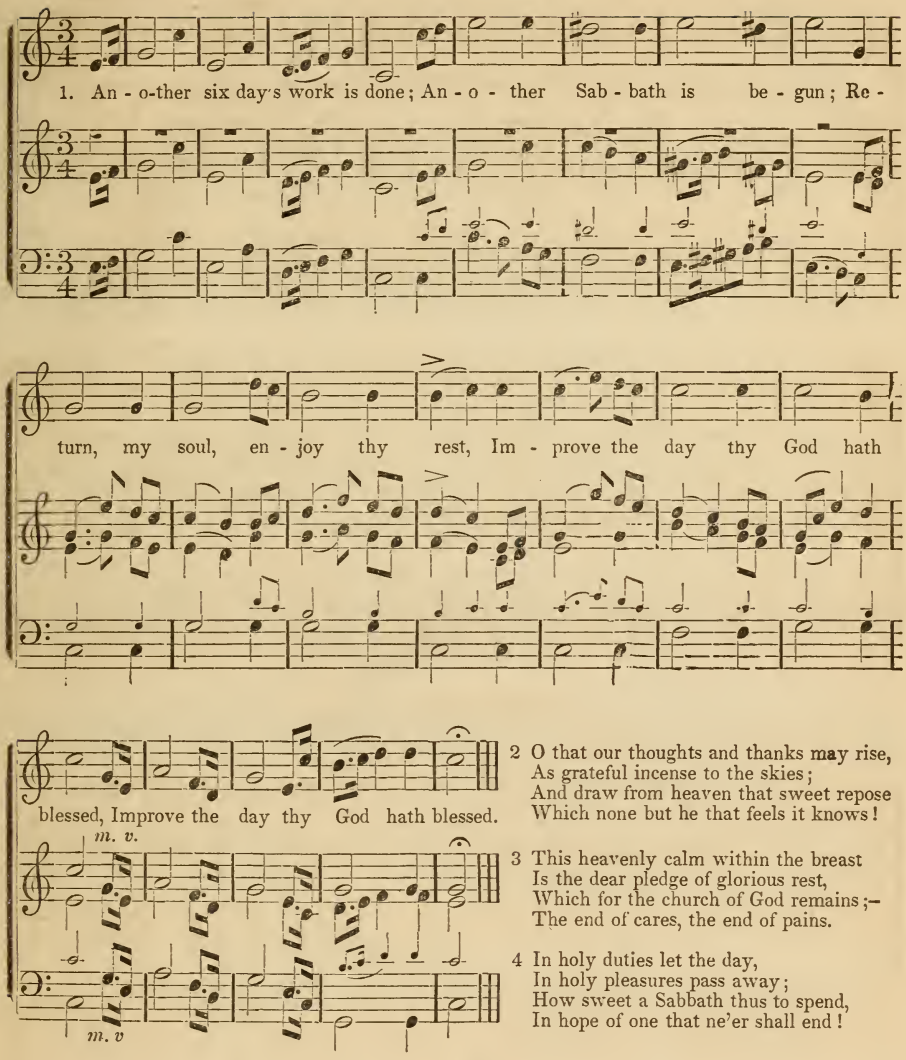

O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sa - vior, and my God! Well
may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - ture all a-broad.

BENEFACTOR. L. M.

ANDANTE CON EXPRESSIONE.


A - way from eve-ry mor - tal care, A - way from earth, our souls retreat; We
leave this worth - less world a - far, And wait and wor - ship near thy seat.

MAESTOSO.


1. An - o-ther six day's work is done; An - o - ther Sab - bath is be - gun; Re -
turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God hath
blessed, Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
m. v.
m. v

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains;—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Ropes.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done:
I am the Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

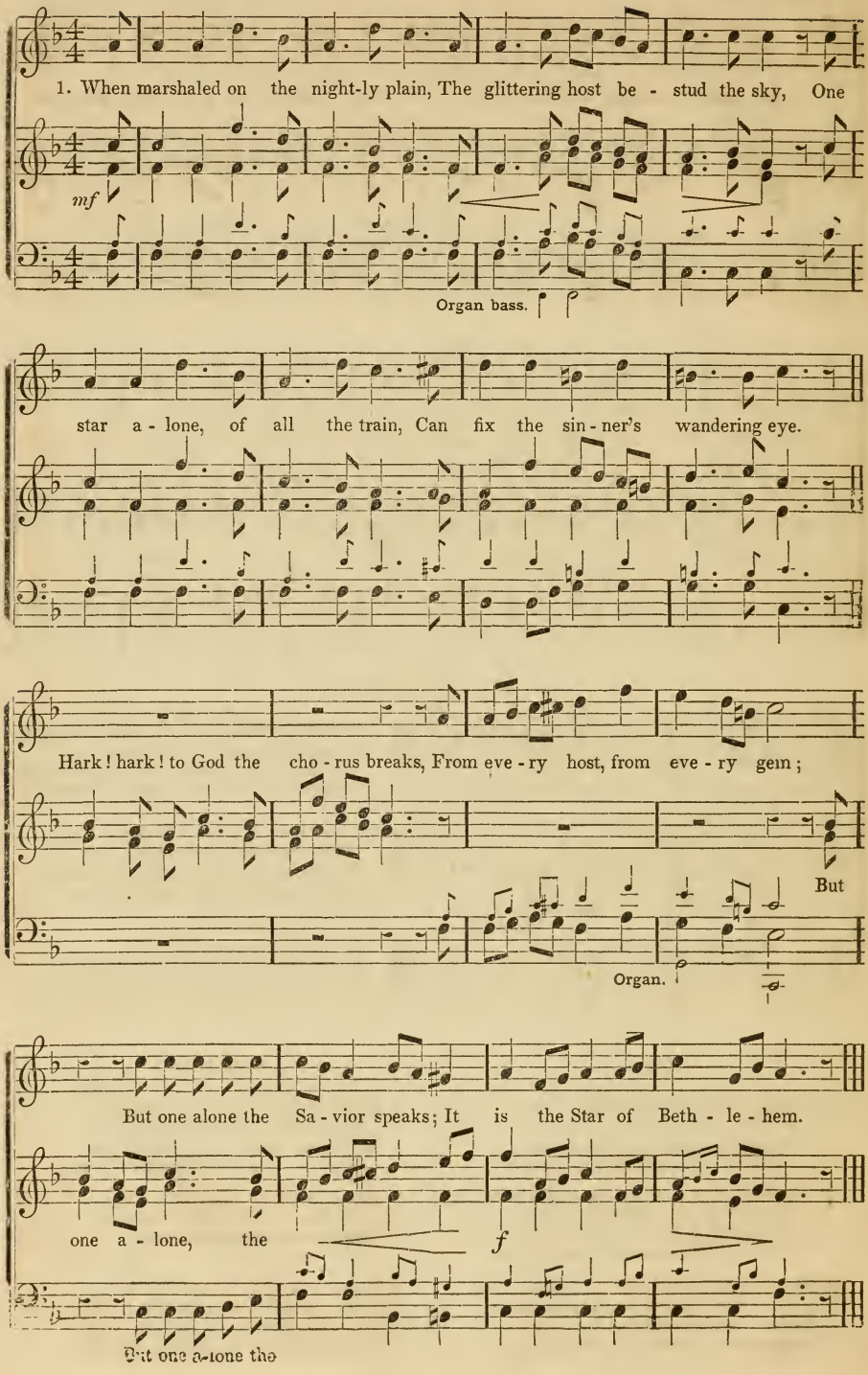
4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

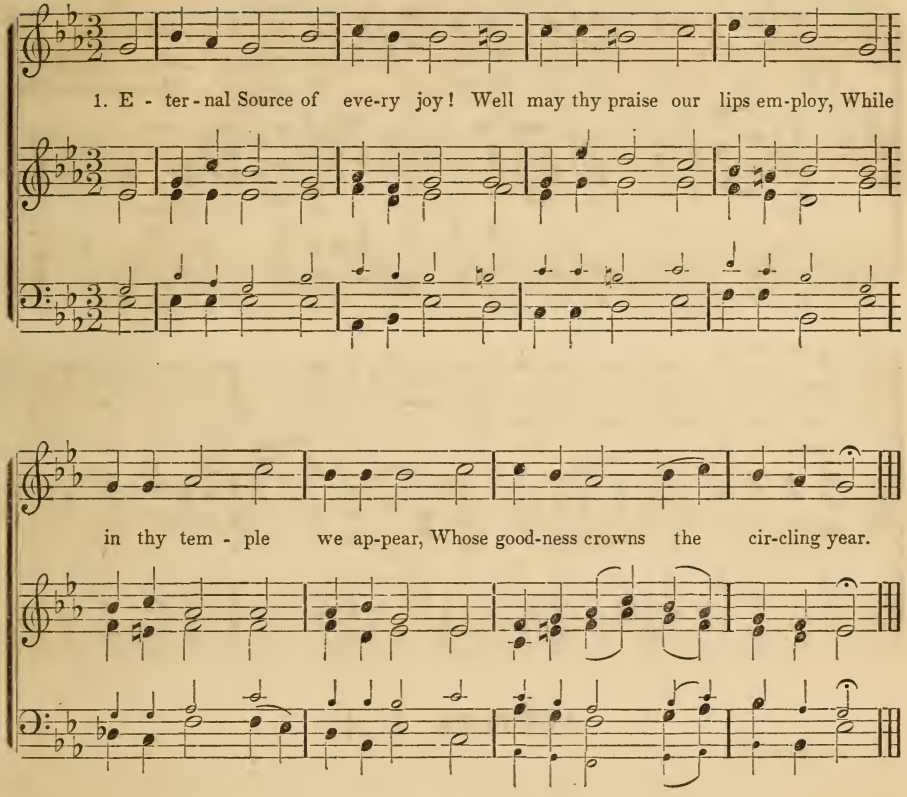
Benefactor.

1 Away from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord! in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.


1. When marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky, One
mf
Organ bass.
star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From eve - ry host, from eve - ry gem;
But
Organ.
But one alone the Sa - vior speaks; It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.
one a - lone, the
f
But one alone the


1. E - ter - nal Source of eve-ry joy! Well may thy praise our lips em-ploy, While
in thy tem - ple we ap-pear, Whose good-ness crowns the cir-cling year.

Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze!
Death-struck,—I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all:
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
Nor raging waves my bark condemn,
Forever, and forevermore,
I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem.

Missouri.

1 Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

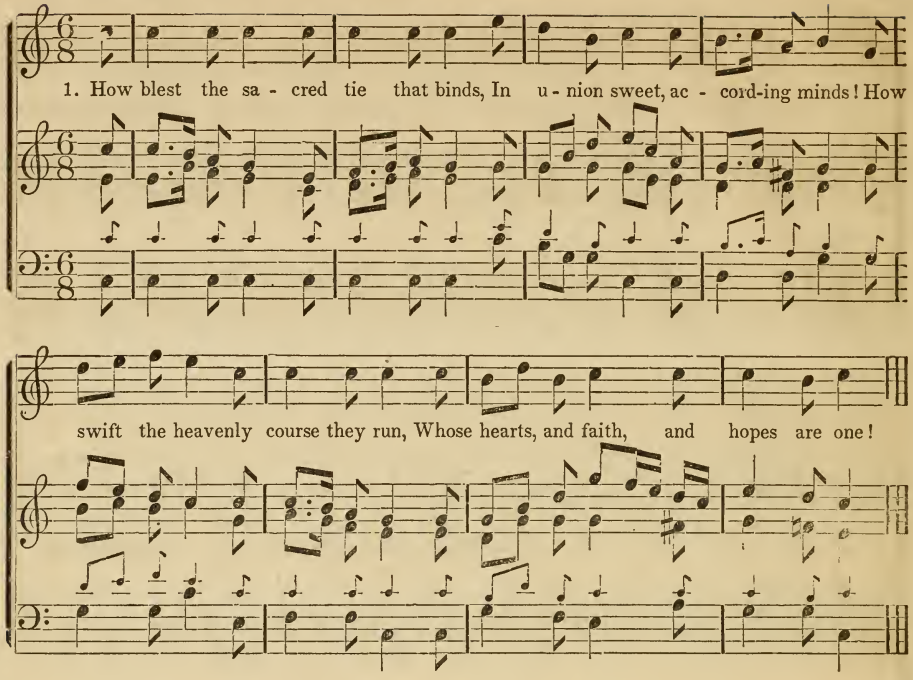
4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty hights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

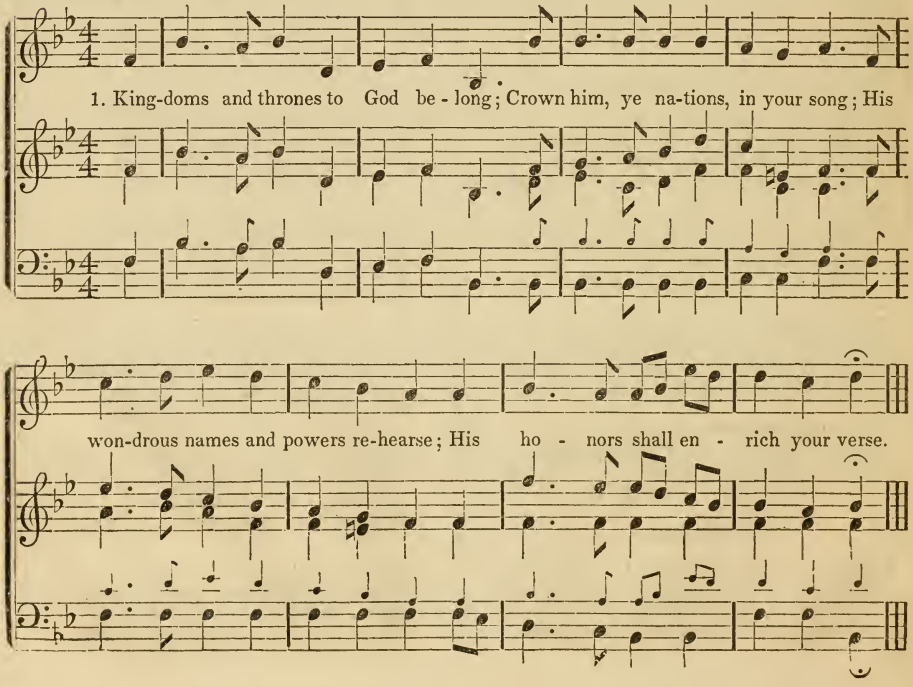
VIETOR. L. M.

ANDANTINO.


1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds, In u - nion sweet, ac - cord-ing minds! How
swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one!

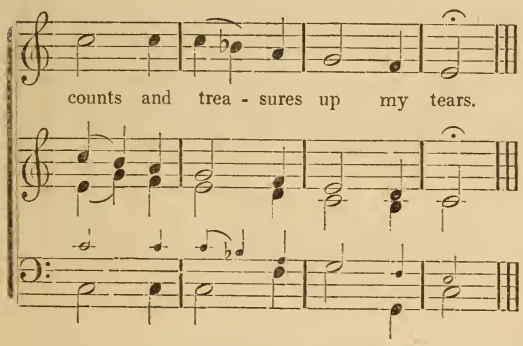
NEWTOWN. L. M.

MODERATO.


1. King-doms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye na-tions, in your song; His
won-drous names and powers re-hearse; His ho - nors shall en - rich your verse.

Russian Evening Hymn.—BORTNIANSKY.

1. When gath - 'ring storms a - round I view, And days are dark, and
On him I lean who, not in vain, Ex - pe - rienced eve - ry
1st time.
2nd time.
friends are few;
Omit. . . . . hu - man pain.
He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And



2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do:
Still he who felt temptation's power
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When, mourning, o'er some stone I bow
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while -
My Savior marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And Oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Victor.

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
And they shall meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

Frextown.

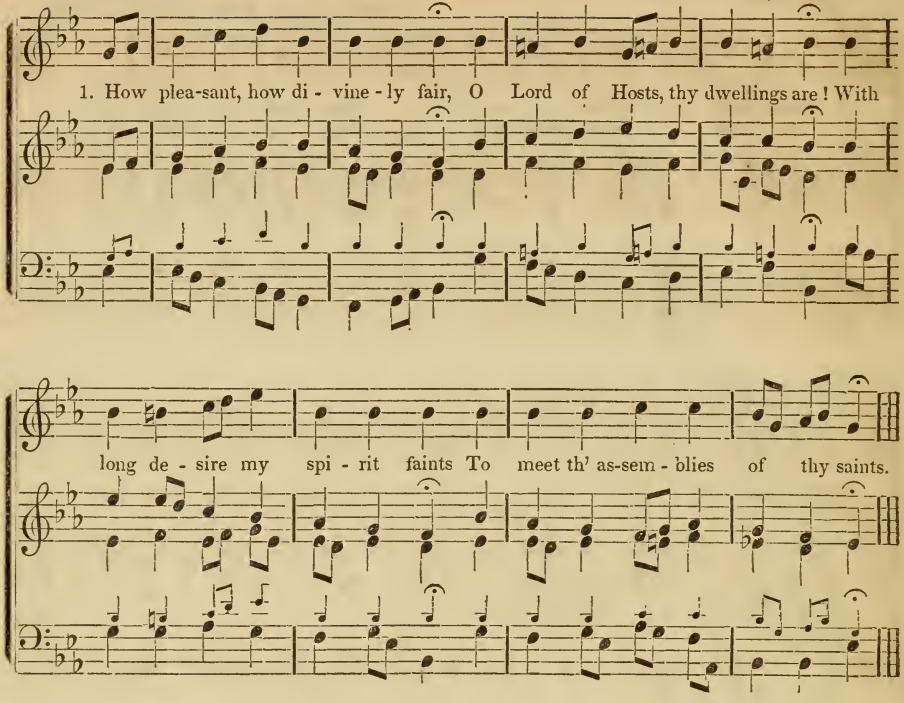
1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

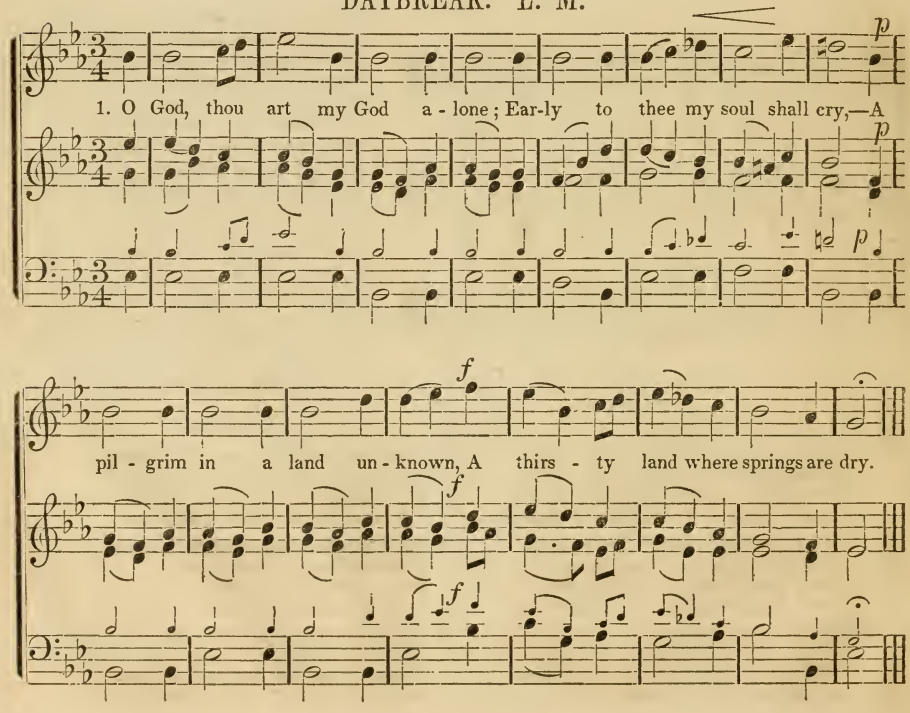
3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

HERMAN. L. M.

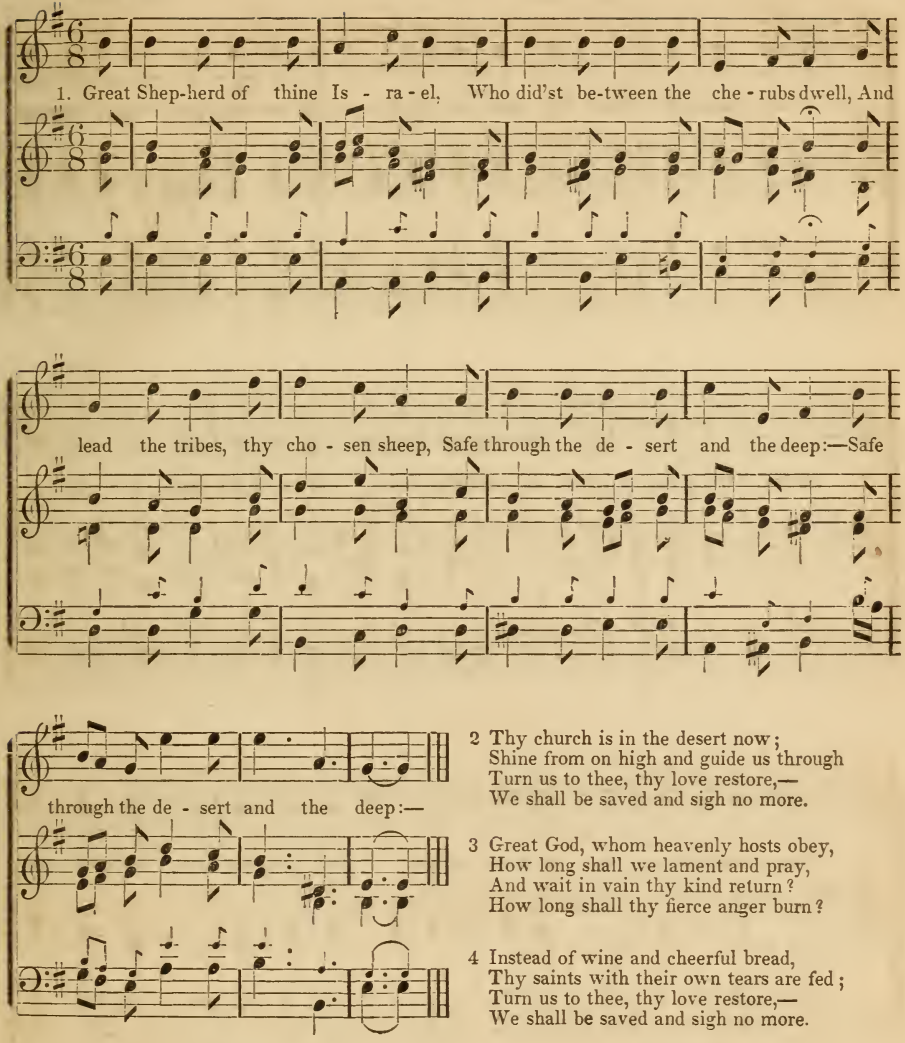
German Choral. Herman Schein, anno 1628.


1. How plea-sant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are! With
long de - sire my spi - rit faints To meet th' as-sem - blies of thy saints.

DAYBREAK. L. M.



ANDANTE.


1. Great Shep-herd of thine Is - ra - el, Who did'st be-tween the che - rubs dwell, And
lead the tribes, thy cho - sen sheep, Safe through the de - sert and the deep:—Safe
through the de - sert and the deep:—

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high and guide us through
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,—
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

Herman.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length—
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Daybreak.

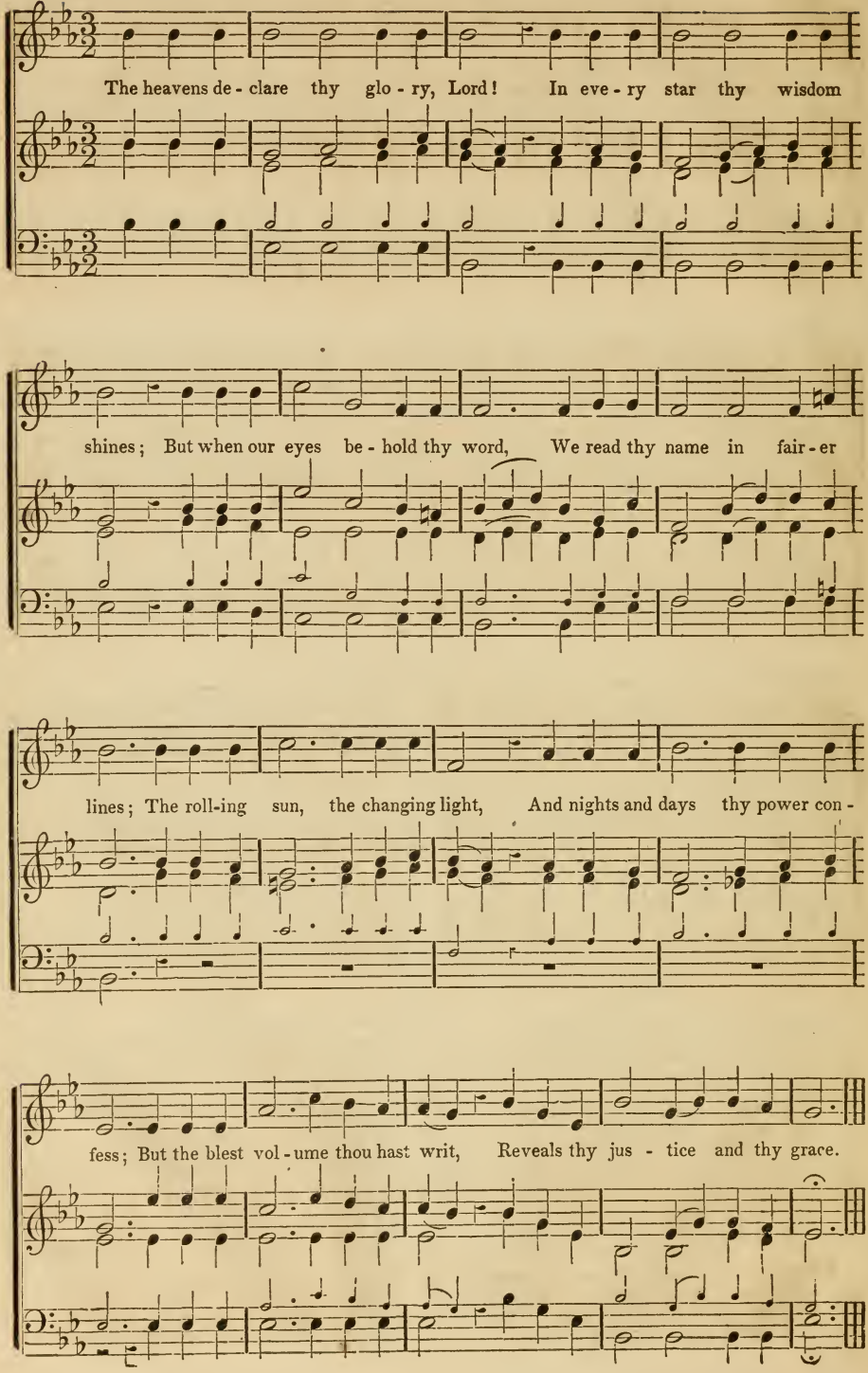
1 O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,—
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with thee.

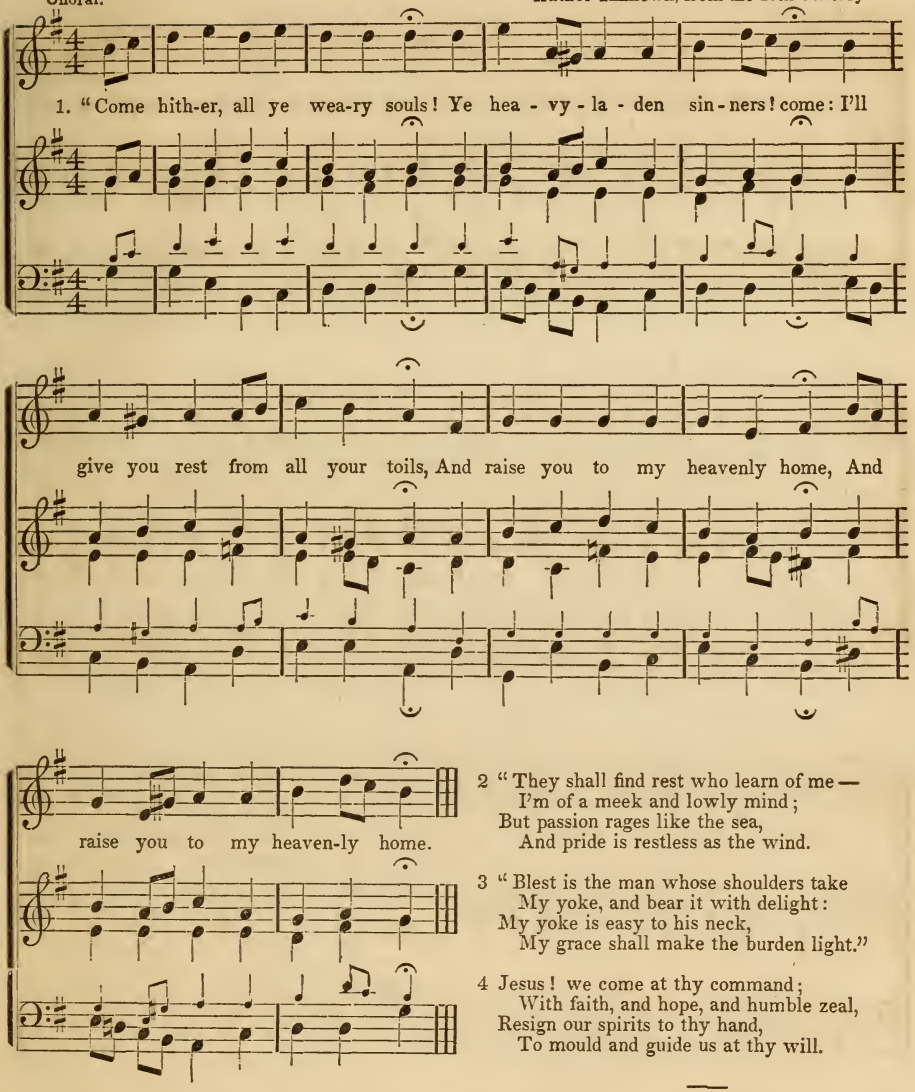
ORION. L. M. Double.


The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord! In eve - ry star thy wisdom
shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er
lines; The roll-ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power con -
fess; But the blest vol - ume thou hast writ, Reveals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

PROMISE. L. M.

Choral.

Author unknown, from the 16th Century.


1. "Come hith-er, all ye wea-ry souls! Ye hea - vy - la - den sin - ners! come: I'll
give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home, And
raise you to my heaven-ly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me—
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus! we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

Orion.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!—
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess·
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

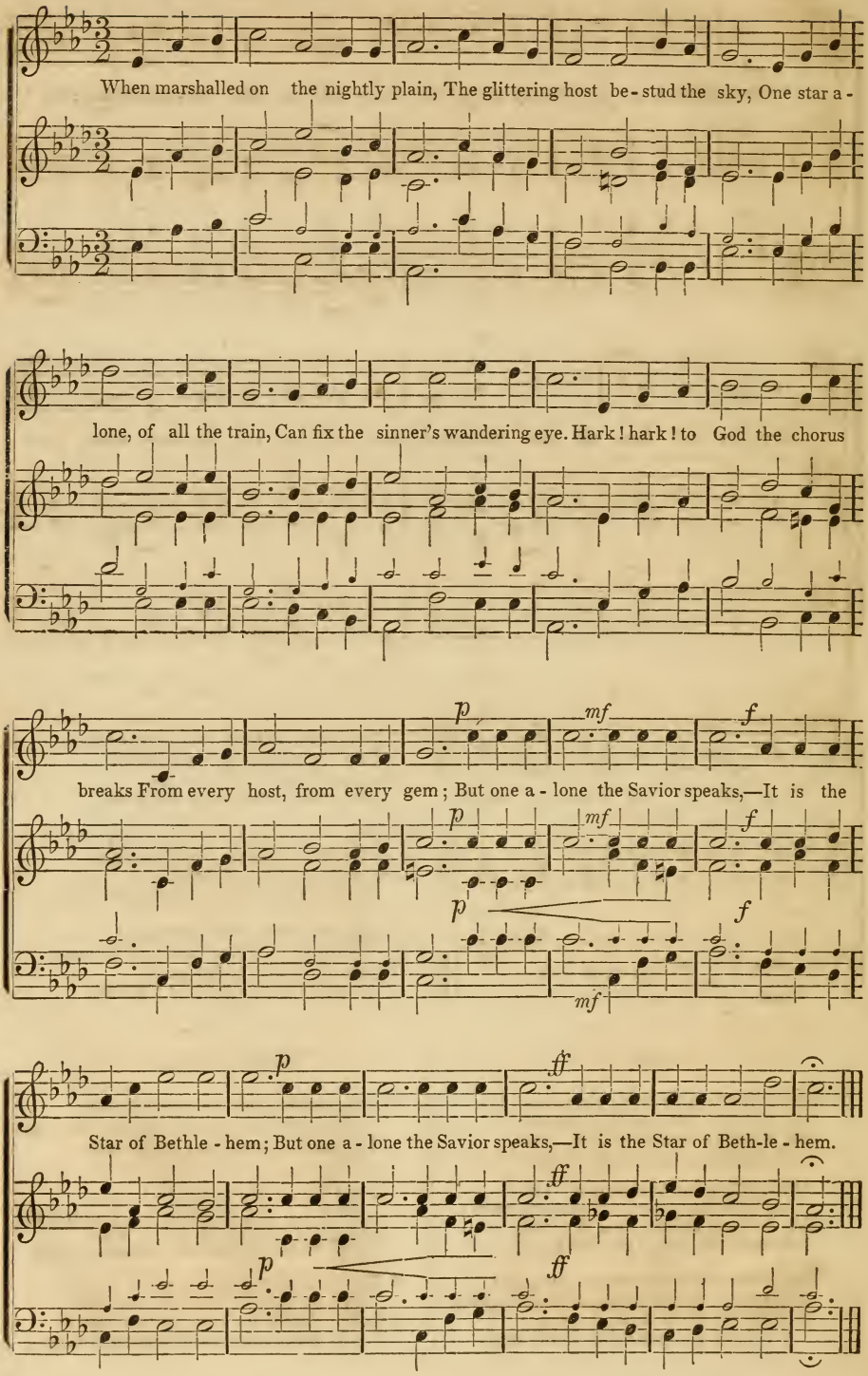
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Orion (continued.)

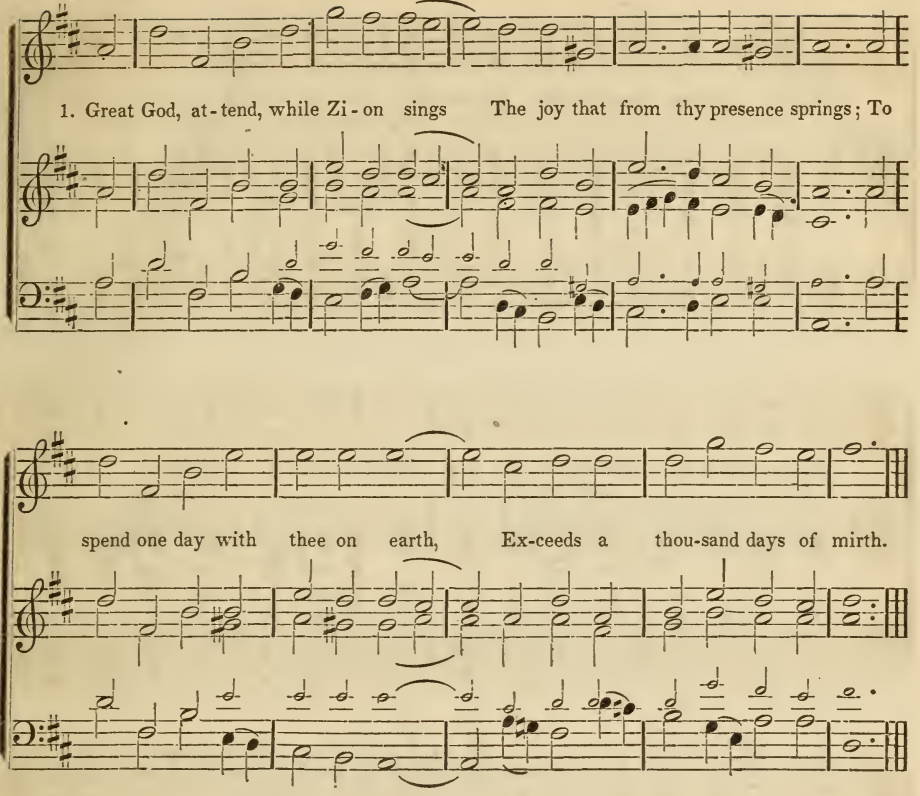
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.


When marshalled on the nightly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky, One star a-
lone, of all the train, Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. Hark! hark! to God the chorus
breaks From every host, from every gem; But one a-lone the Savior speaks,—It is the
Star of Bethle-hem; But one a-lone the Savior speaks,—It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.
p
mf
f
ff

CHORAL.


1. Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To
spend one day with thee on earth, Ex-ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.

Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;—
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

Ararat.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

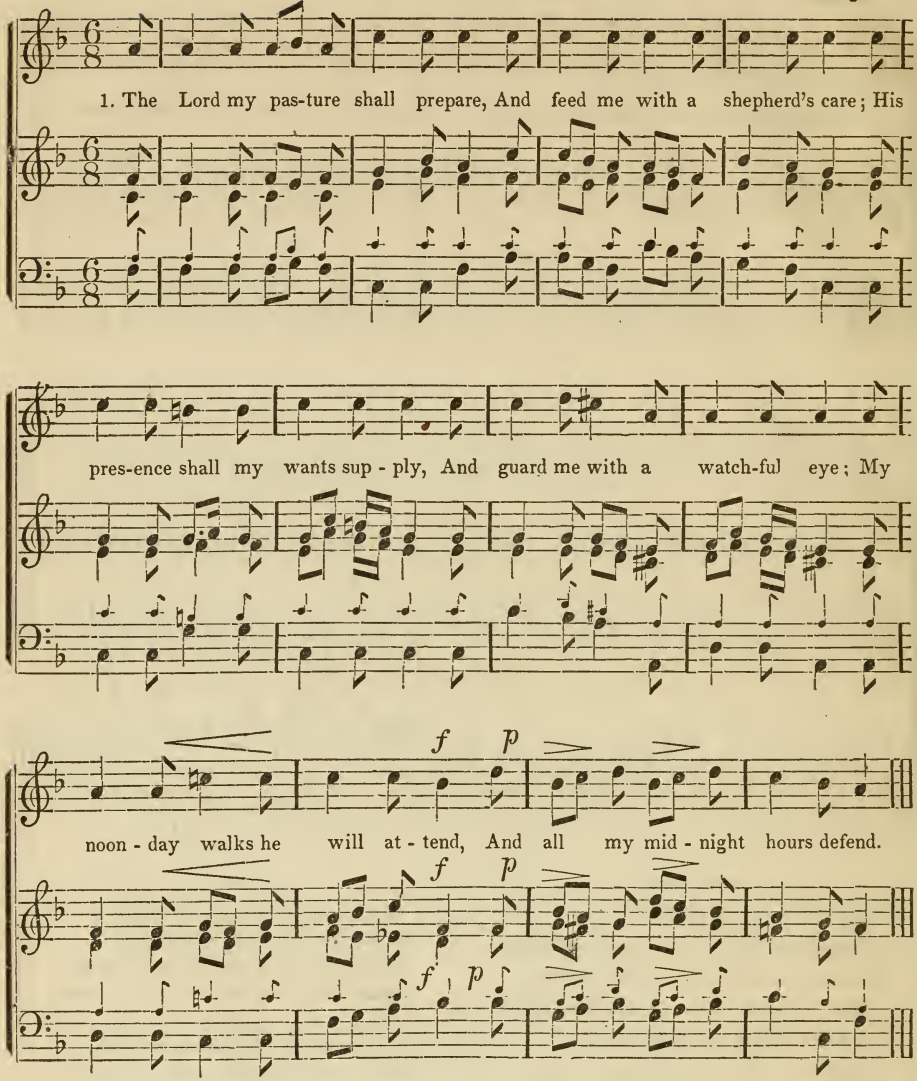
3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, thy sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

NEANDER. L. M. 6 lines.

Arranged.


1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His
pres-ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye; My
noon - day walks he will at - tend, And all my mid - night hours defend.
f
p
f
p
f
p

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall know no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

1. Stretch'd on the cross, the Sa - viour dies! Hark! his ex - pir-ing groans a - rise: See,
from his hands, his feet, his side, De - scends the sa - cred crim - son tide!

Crucifixion.

1 Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies!
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See—from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound:
The vital stream,—how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel-foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

Crucifixion.

1 Here at thy cross, incarnate God!
I lay my soul beneath thy love,—
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus!—nor shall it e'er remove.

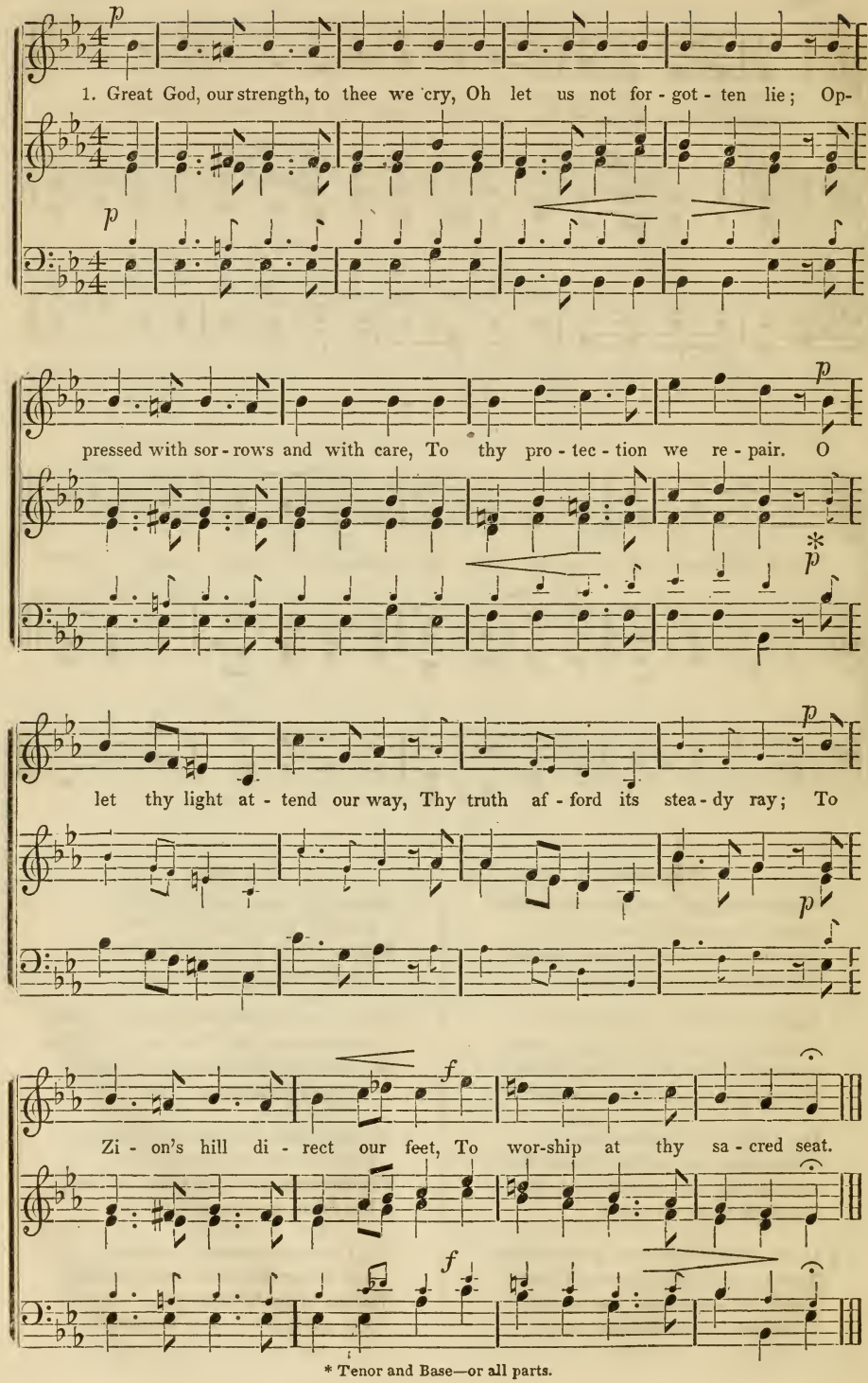
2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear:
Am I not safe beneath thy shade,
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour-God,
And my best honors to his name!

SUPPLICATION. L. M. Double.

STEADY.


p
1. Great God, our strength, to thee we cry, Oh let us not for - got - ten lie; Op-
p
pressed with sor - rows and with care, To thy pro - tec - tion we re - pair. O
p
*
p
let thy light at - tend our way, Thy truth af - ford its stea - dy ray; To
p
p
Zi - on's hill di - rect our feet, To wor-ship at thy sa - cred seat.
f
f

* Tenor and Base—or all parts.

GRAVE, BUT NOT HEAVY.

1. My God, ac - cept my ear - ly vows, Like morn - ing in-cense in thy house; And
p
let my night-ly wor - ship rise, Sweet as the eve - ning sa - cri - fice.
p

Supplication.

1 Great God, our strength, to thee we cry,
O let us not forgotten lie:
Oppressed with sorrows and with care,
To thy protection we repair.

2 O let thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its steady ray;
To Zion's hill direct our feet,
To worship at thy sacred seat.

3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,
Thy love our joyful song inspire;
To thee our cordial thanks be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

4 Why, then, cast down, and why distressed?
And whence the grief, that fills our breast?
In God we'll hope, to God we'll raise
Our songs of gratitude and praise.

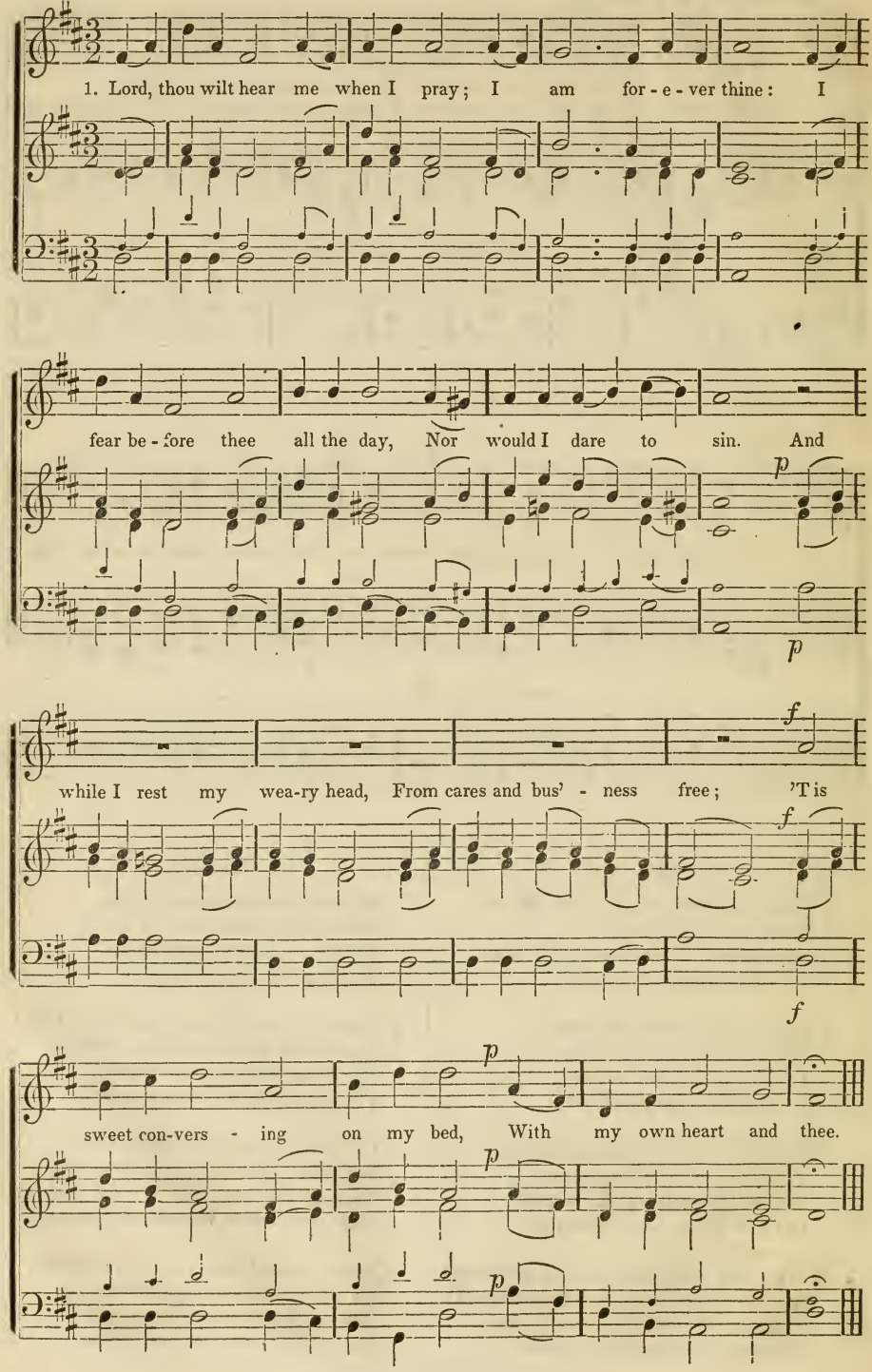
Morning.

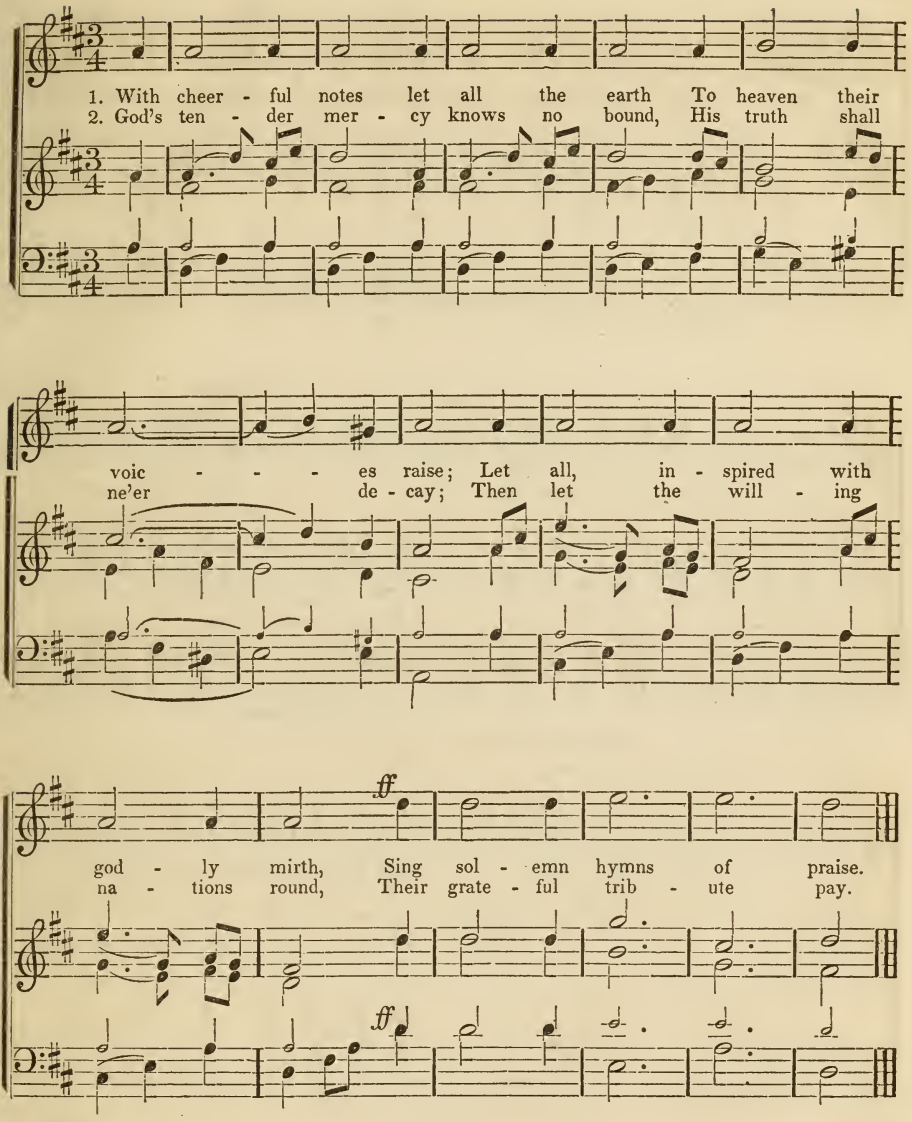
1 My God! accept my early vows,
Like morning-incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord!
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 Oh! may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.


1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for-e-ver thine: I
fear be-fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin. And
p
p
while I rest my wea-ry head, From cares and bus'-ness free; 'T is
f
f
f
sweet con-vers-ing on my bed, With my own heart and thee.
p
p
p


1. With cheer - ful notes let all the earth To heaven their
2. God's ten - der mer - cy knows no bound, His truth shall
voic - - - es raise; Let all, in - spired with
ne'er de - cay; Then let the will - ing
ff
god - ly mirth, Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.
na - tions round, Their grate - ful trib - ute pay.
ff

Evening Devotion.

1 Lord! thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Will God for-ev - er cast me off? and will his prom-ise fail? Has he for-got his
Sempre.
tender love? Shall an-ger still pre - vail Has he for-got
p
Small notes for Accomp. Large notes for the Voices.
Cres - cen - do.
f
his ten-der love? Shall an - ger still pre - vail?
Pedal.

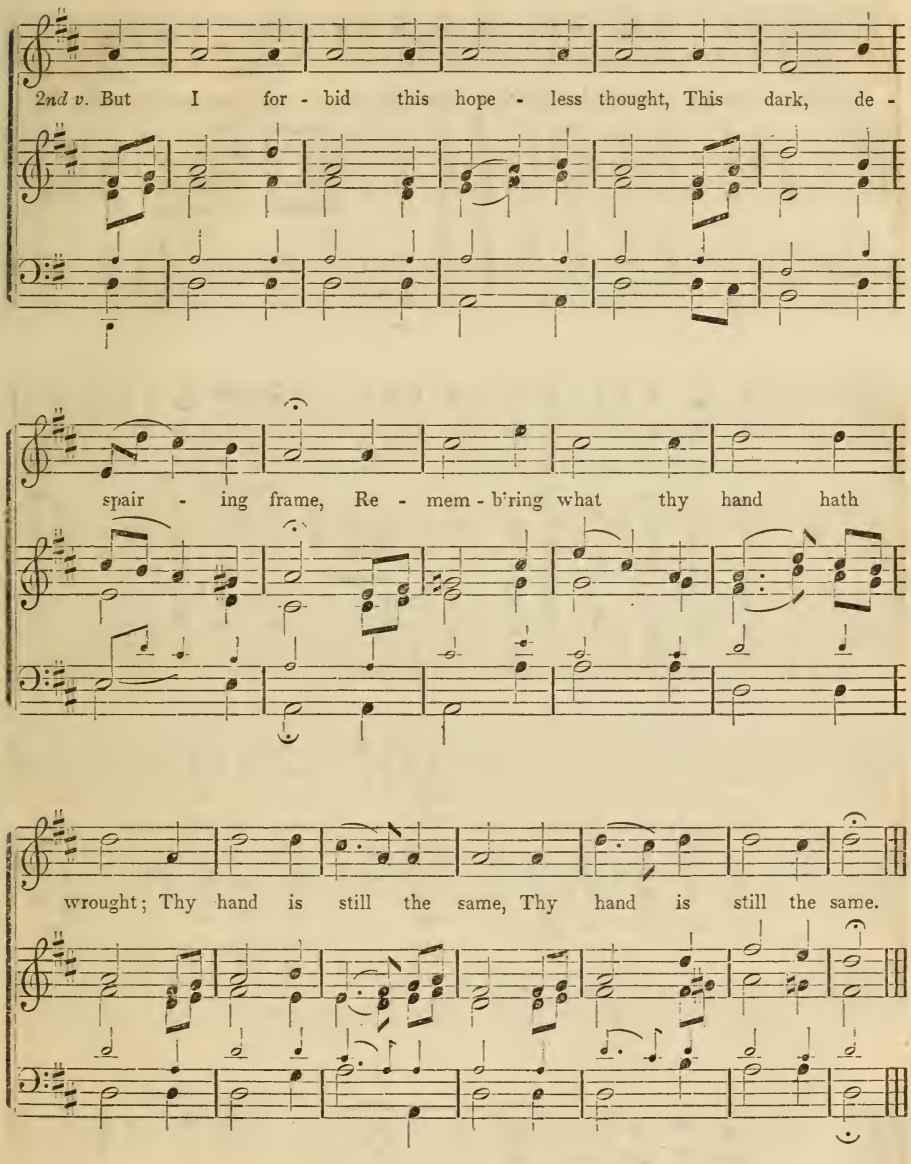
1 Will God forever cast me off?
And will his promise fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

2 But I forbid this hopeless thought—
This dark, despairing frame—
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought:
Thy hand is still the same.

3 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

4 Grace dwells with justice on the throne,
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

* *The music of this page is designed for the first verse of this Hymn only. The second part of this tune can be sung appropriately to other words of the same metre.*


2nd v. But I for - bid this hope - less thought, This dark, de -
spair - ing frame, Re - mem - b'ring what thy hand hath
wrought; Thy hand is still the same, Thy hand is still the same.

Hymn for the second part of Merrill.

1 Oh! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

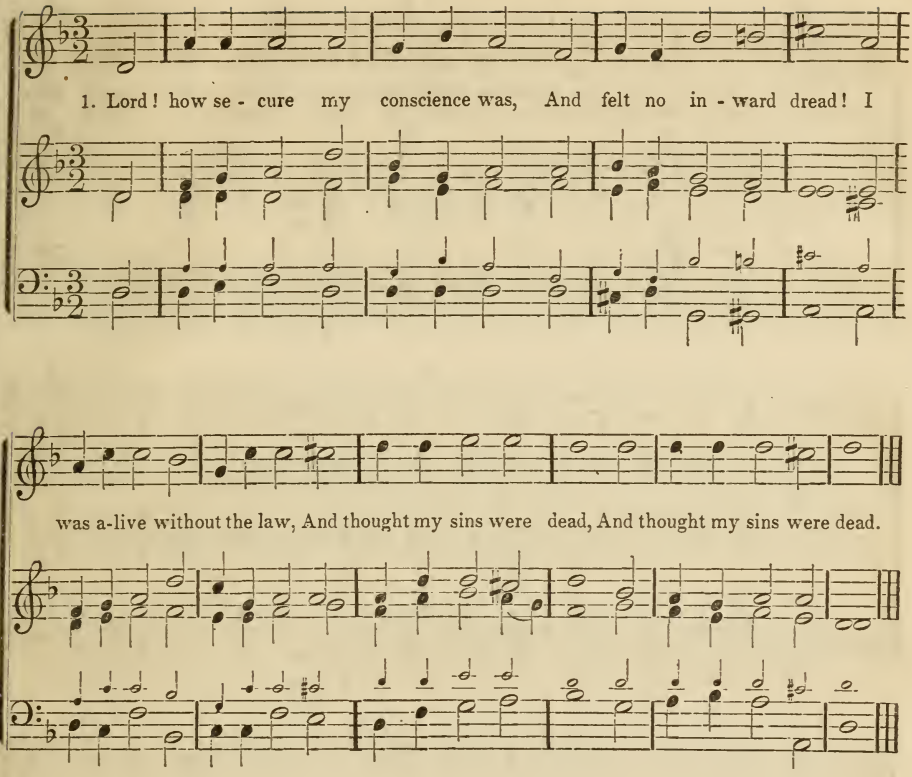
3 Well-pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found!" they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

ANDANTE.

HARTFORD. C. M. Double.

1. O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend; To
thee in eve - ry trou - ble flee, My best, my on - ly friend. When
all cre - at - ed streams are dried, Thy ful - ness is the same; May
I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in thy name!


1. Lord! how se - cure my conscience was, And felt no in - ward dread! I
was a-live without the law, And thought my sins were dead, And thought my sins were dead.

Hartford.

1 O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures may be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

Vernon.

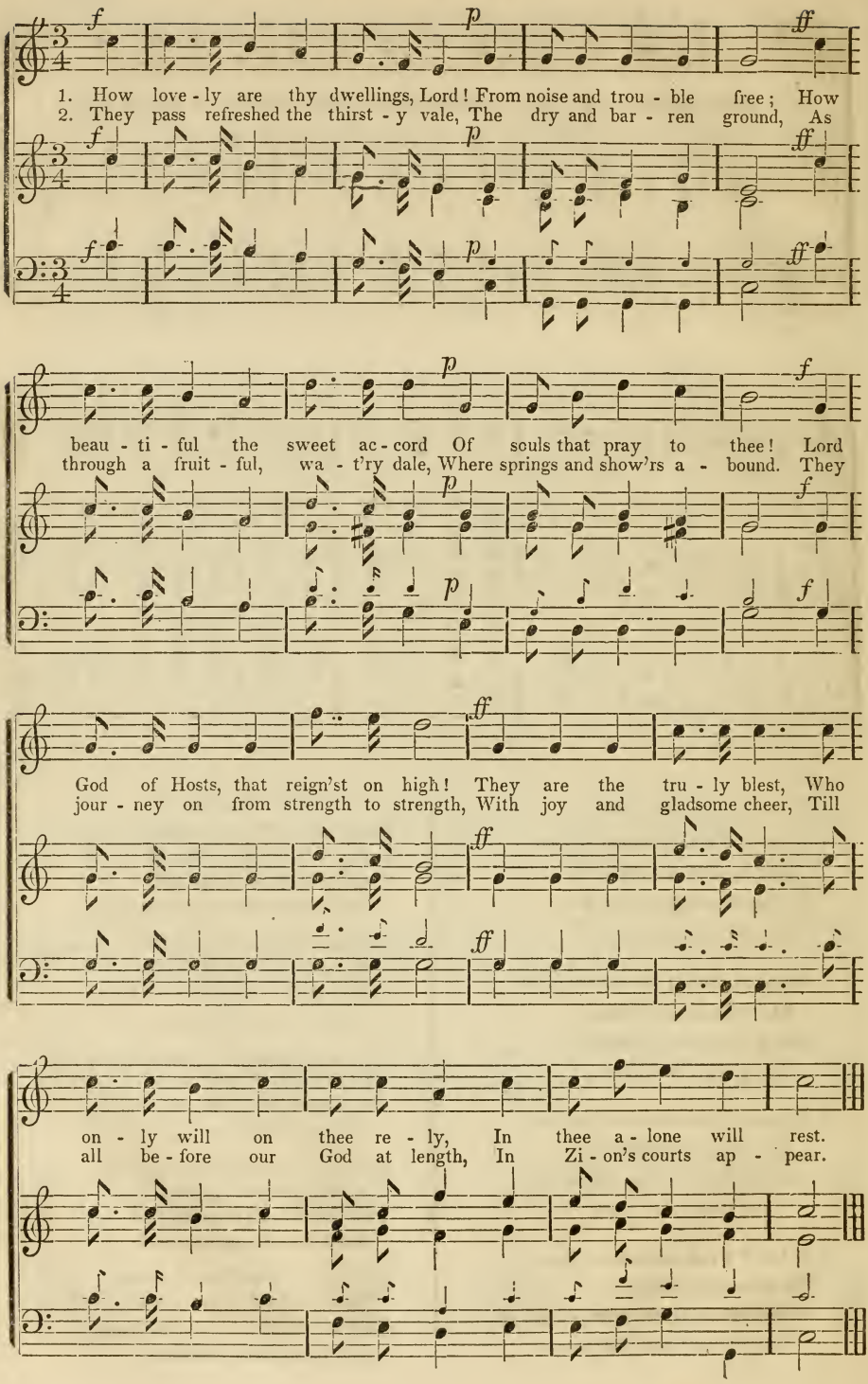
1 Lord, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

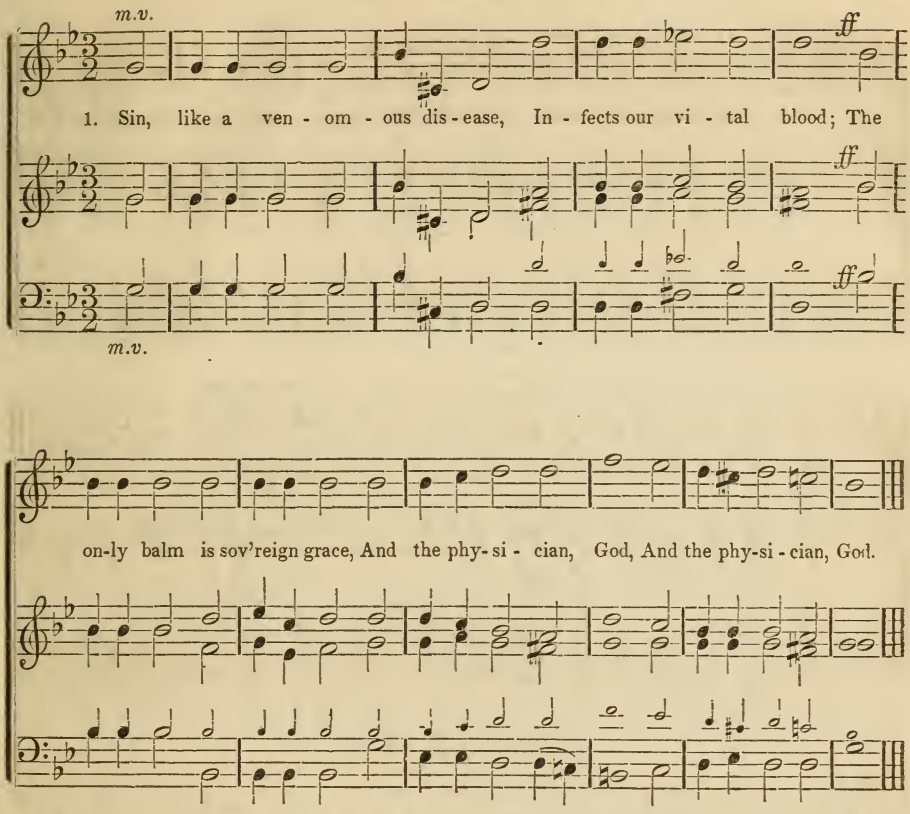
2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.


1. How love - ly are thy dwellings, Lord! From noise and trou - ble free; How
2. They pass refreshed the thirst - y vale, The dry and bar - ren ground, As
beau - ti - ful the sweet ac - cord Of souls that pray to thee! Lord
through a fruit - ful, wa - t'ry dale, Where springs and show'rs a - bound. They
God of Hosts, that reign'st on high! They are the tru - ly blest, Who
jour - ney on from strength to strength, With joy and gladsome cheer, Till
on - ly will on thee re - ly, In thee a - lone will rest.
all be - fore our God at length, In Zi - on's courts ap - pear.


m.v.
ff
1. Sin, like a ven - om - ous dis - ease, In - fects our vi - tal blood; The
m.v.
on-ly balm is sov'reign grace, And the phy-si - cian, God, And the phy-si - cian, God.

Abo.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free!
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee!

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion's courts appear.

Easton.

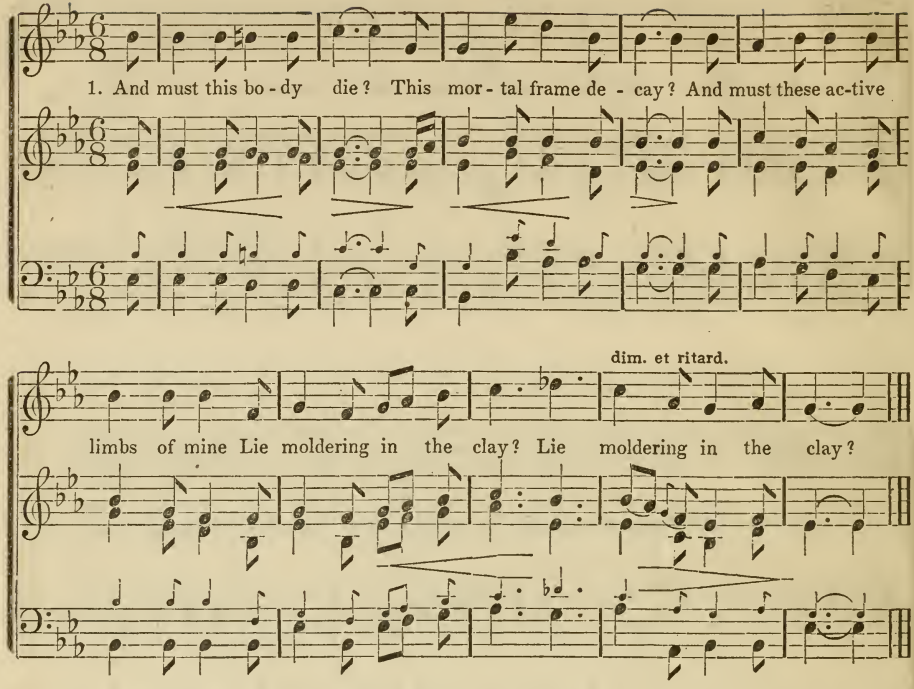
1 Sin, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

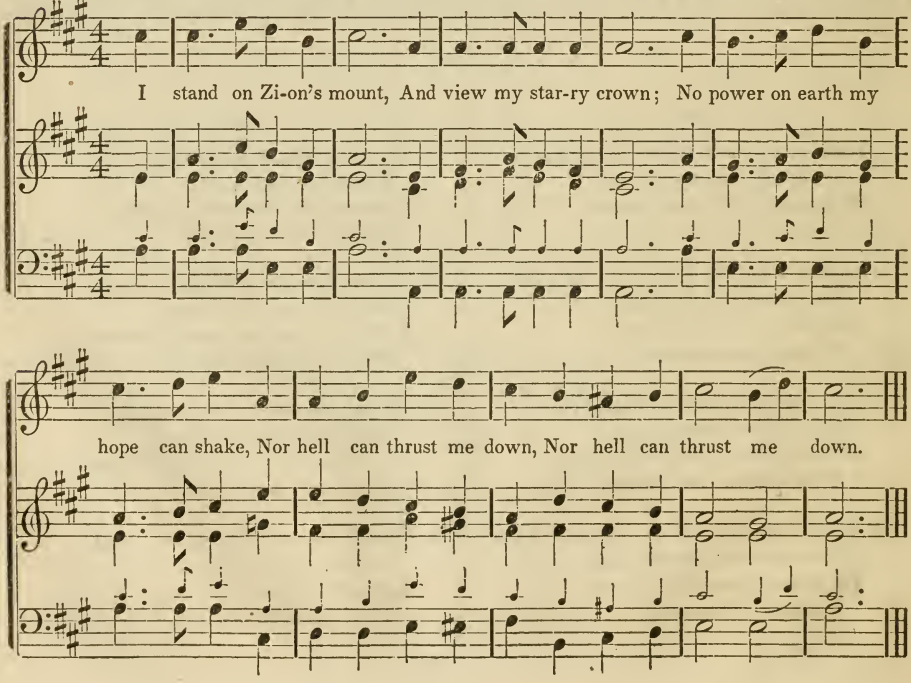
3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage:
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

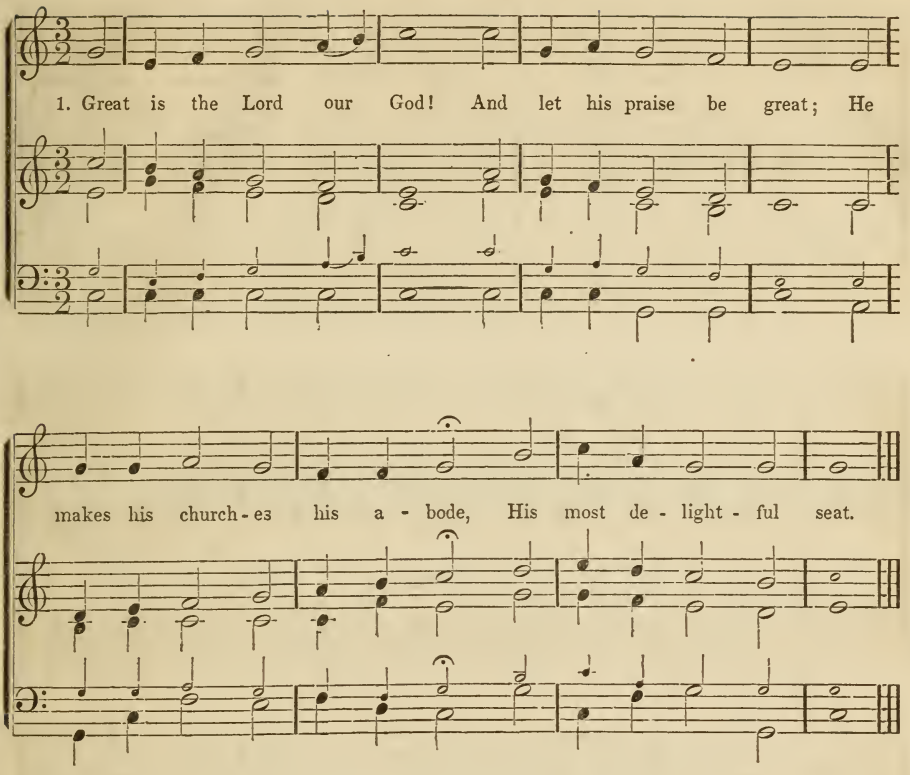
4 We lick he dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

NEWELL. S. M.


1. And must this bo - dy die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And must these ac-tive
dim. et ritard.
limbs of mine Lie moldering in the clay? Lie moldering in the clay?

LOUISVILLE. S. M.


I stand on Zi-on's mount, And view my star-ry crown; No power on earth my
hope can shake, Nor hell can thrust me down, Nor hell can thrust me down.



2 In Zion God is known—
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,—
Our eyes have often seen,—
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Newell.

1 And must this body die?—
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,—
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

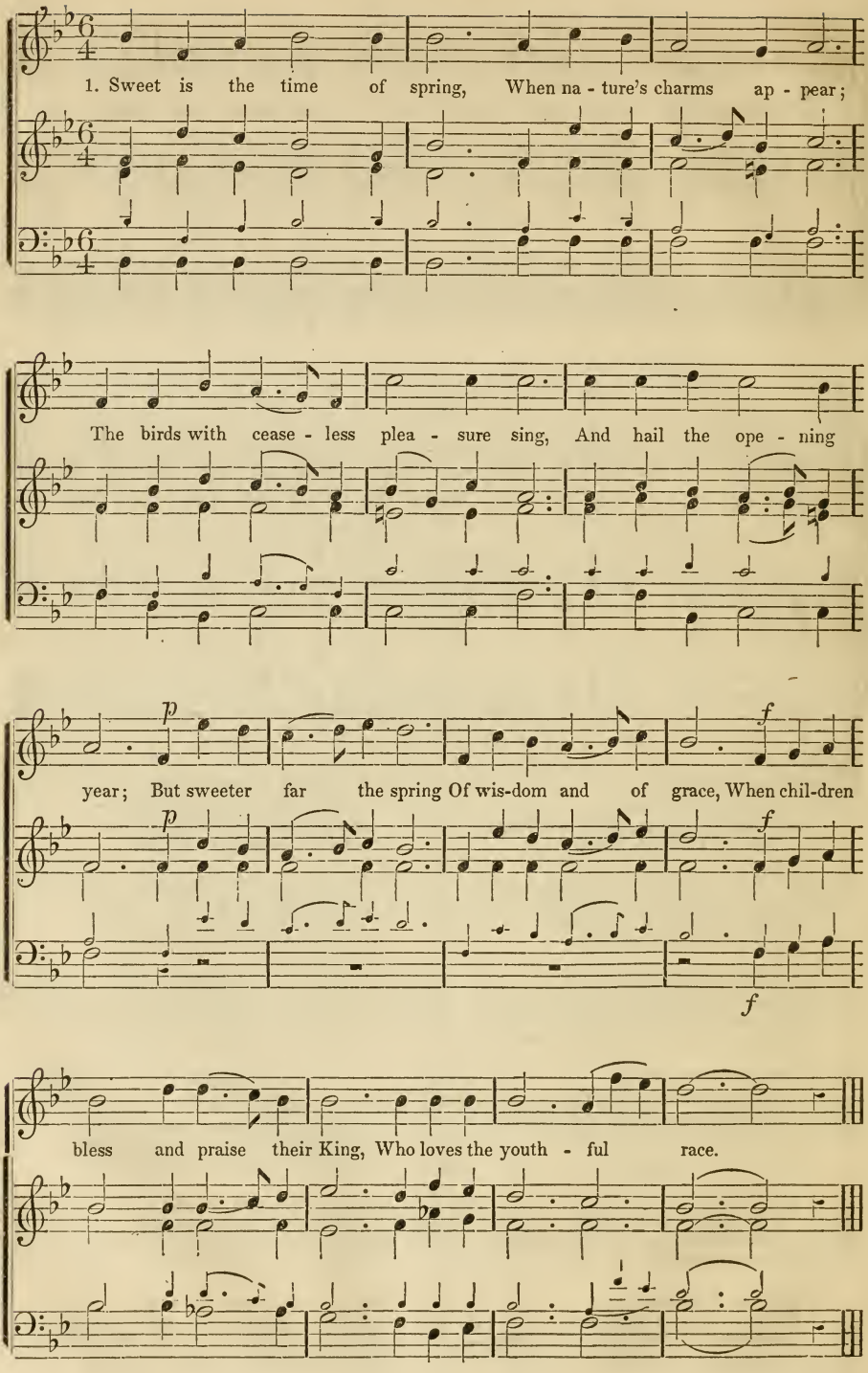
5 Dear Lord! accept the praise,
Of these our humble songs;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

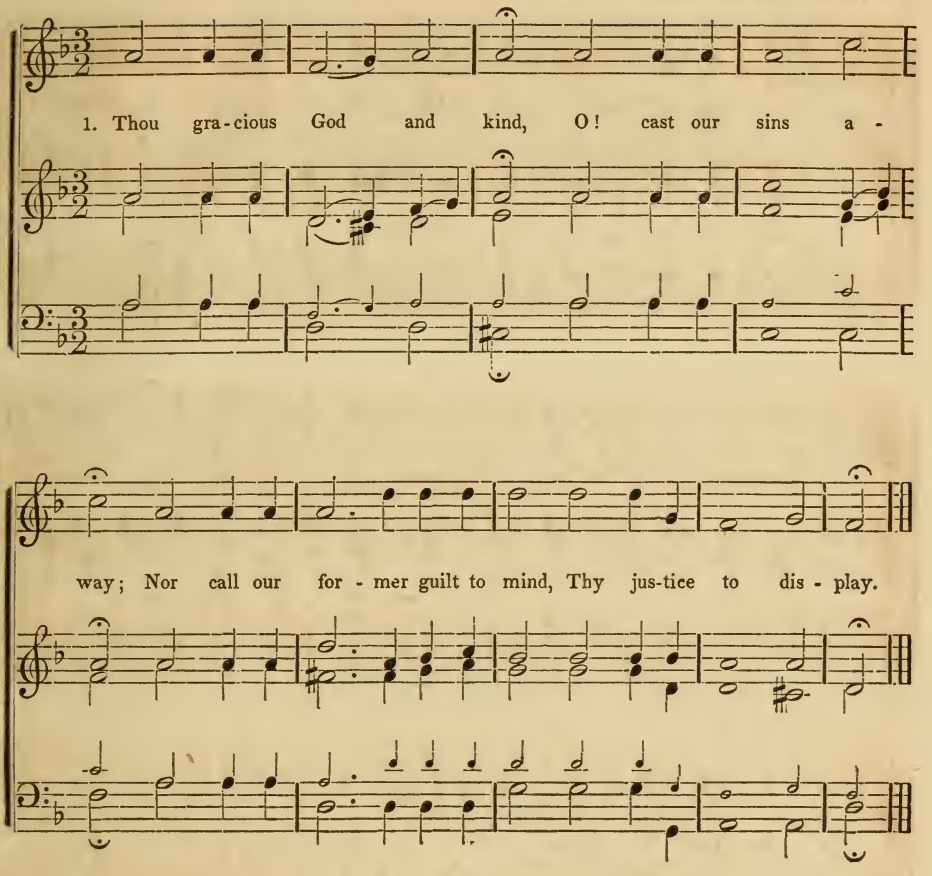
Louisville.

1 I stand on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high;
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the rock
Of my salvation stands


1. Sweet is the time of spring, When na - ture's charms ap - pear;
The birds with cease - less plea - sure sing, And hail the ope - ning
p
f
year; But sweeter far the spring Of wis-dom and of grace, When chil-dren
p
f
f
bless and praise their King, Who loves the youth - ful race.



Spring.

2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh:
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain's tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops:
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

Astoria.

1 Thou gracious God and kind,
O! cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

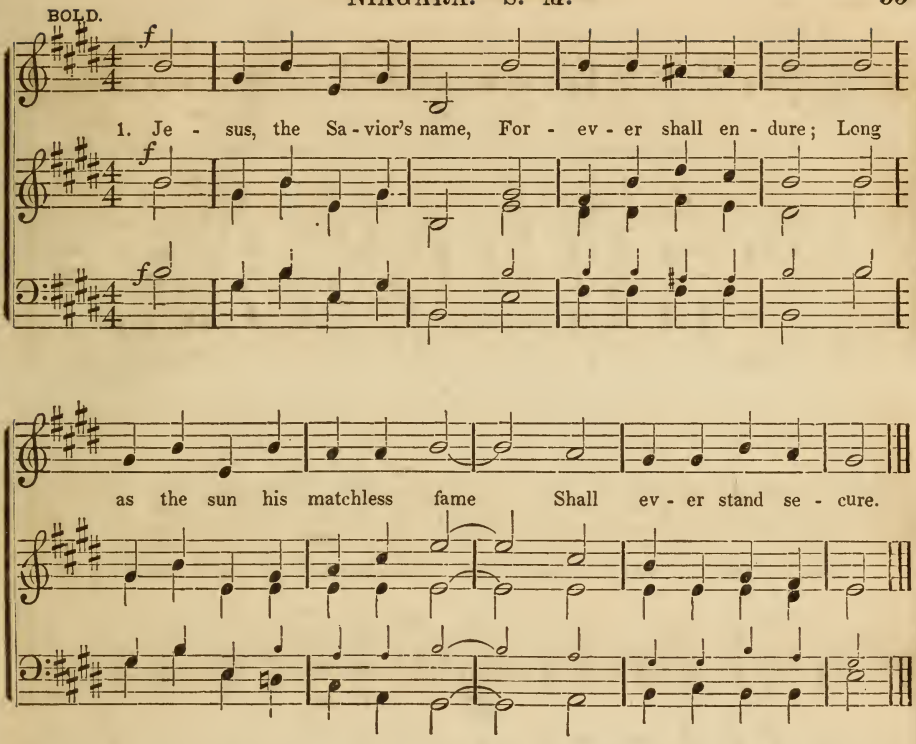
2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

CINCINNATI. S. M. Double.

FIRM—NOT TOO FAST.

1. Sol - diers of Christ! a - rise, And put your ar - mor on; Strong
in the strength which God sup - plies, Through his e - ter - nal Son; Strong
is the Lord of Hosts, And in his migh - ty power, Who
in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.



Cincinnati.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers,—Come,
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Niagara.

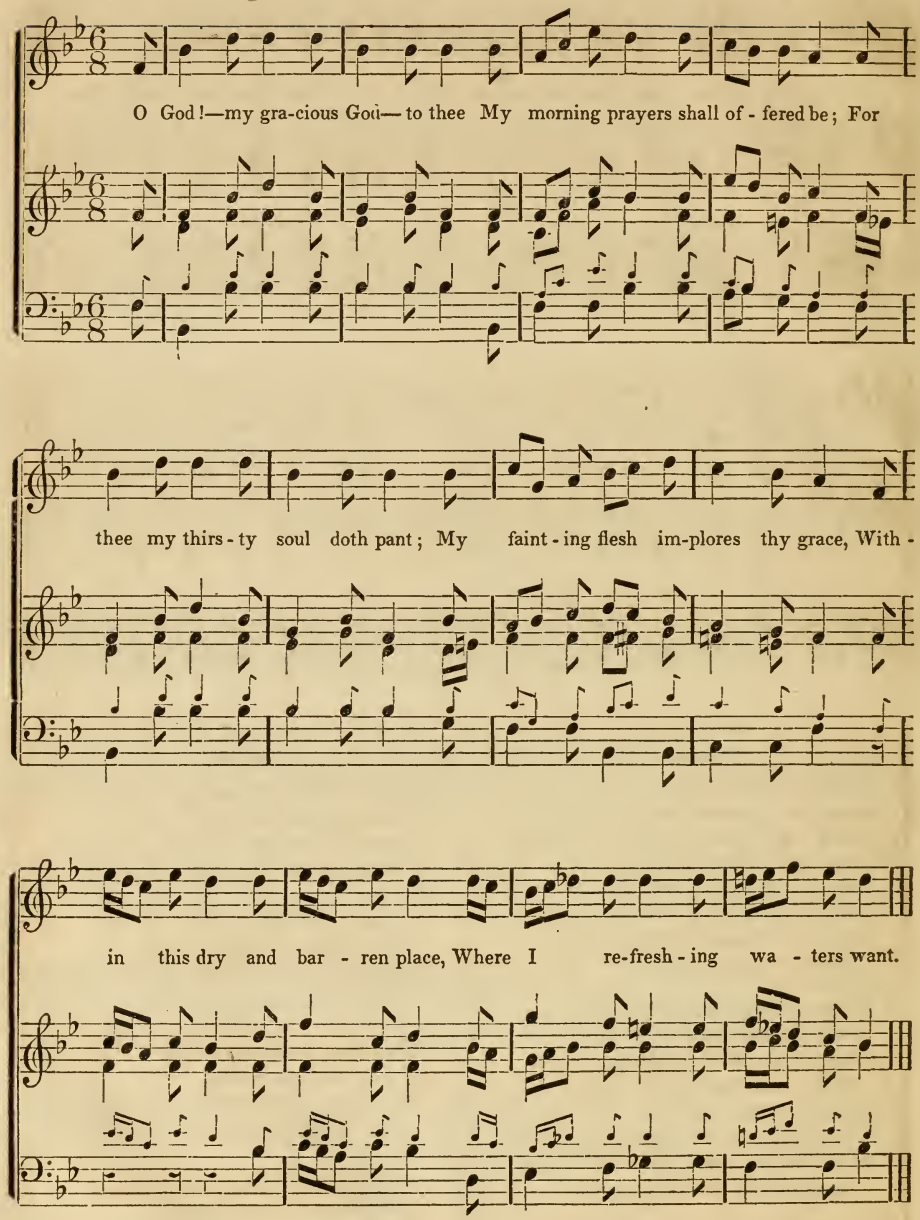
1 Jesus, the Savior's name
Forever shall endure;
Long as the sun his matchless fame
Shall ever stand secure.

2 Jehovah, God most high!
We spread thy praise abroad;
Through the whole world thy fame shall fly,
O God, thine Israel's God!

3 Wonders of grace and power
To thee alone belong;
Thy church those wonders shall adore,
In everlasting song.

4 O Israel, bless him still,
His name to honor raise;
Let the whole earth his glory fill,
Mid songs of grateful praise.

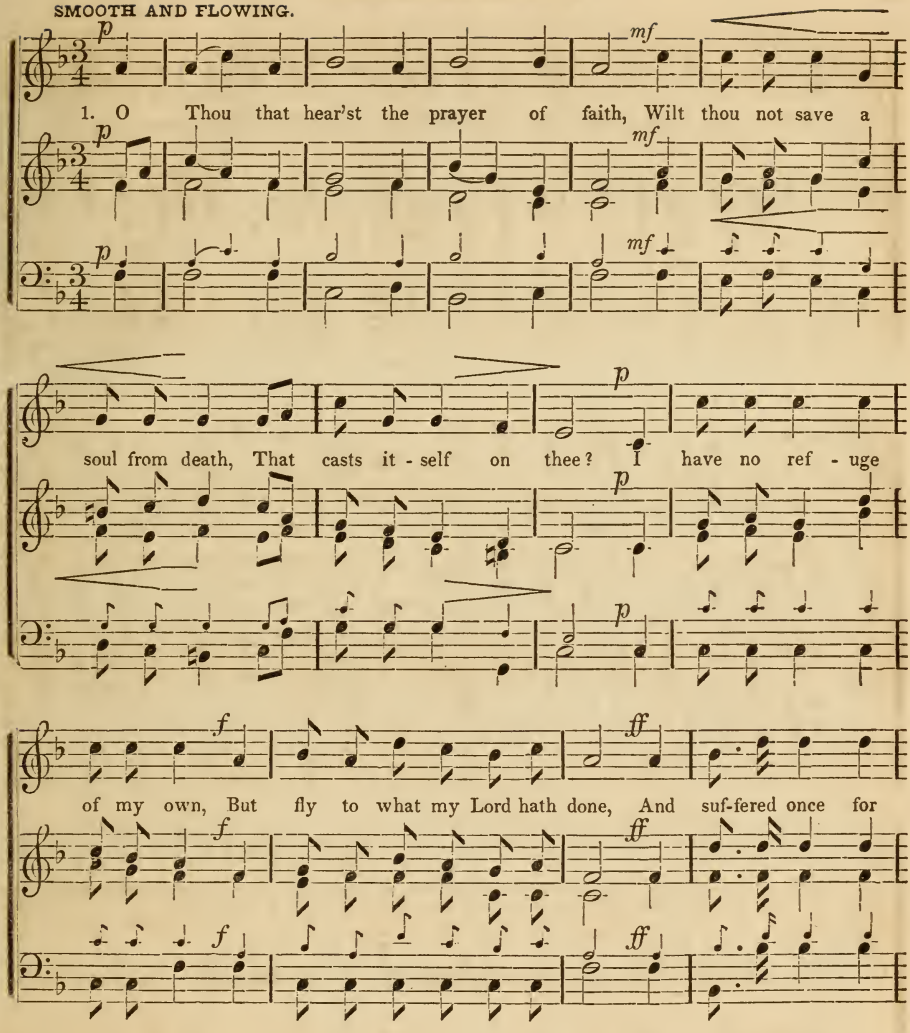
5 Amen, our lips repeat,—
Amen, we shout again:
Here all our wishes are complete,
Let God our Savior reign!

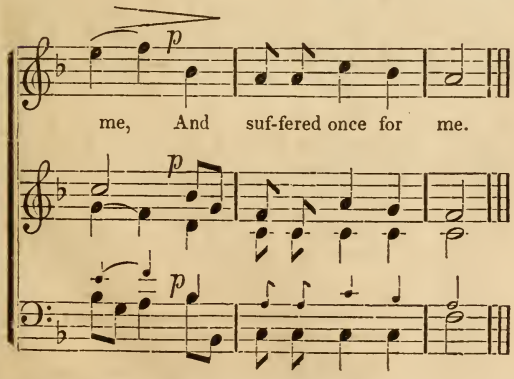

O God!—my gra-cious God—to thee My morning prayers shall of - fered be; For
thee my thirs - ty soul doth pant; My faint - ing flesh im-plores thy grace, With -
in this dry and bar - ren place, Where I re-fresh - ing wa - ters want.

1 O God!—my gracious God—to thee
My morning prayers shall offered be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays!
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

SMOOTH AND FLOWING.

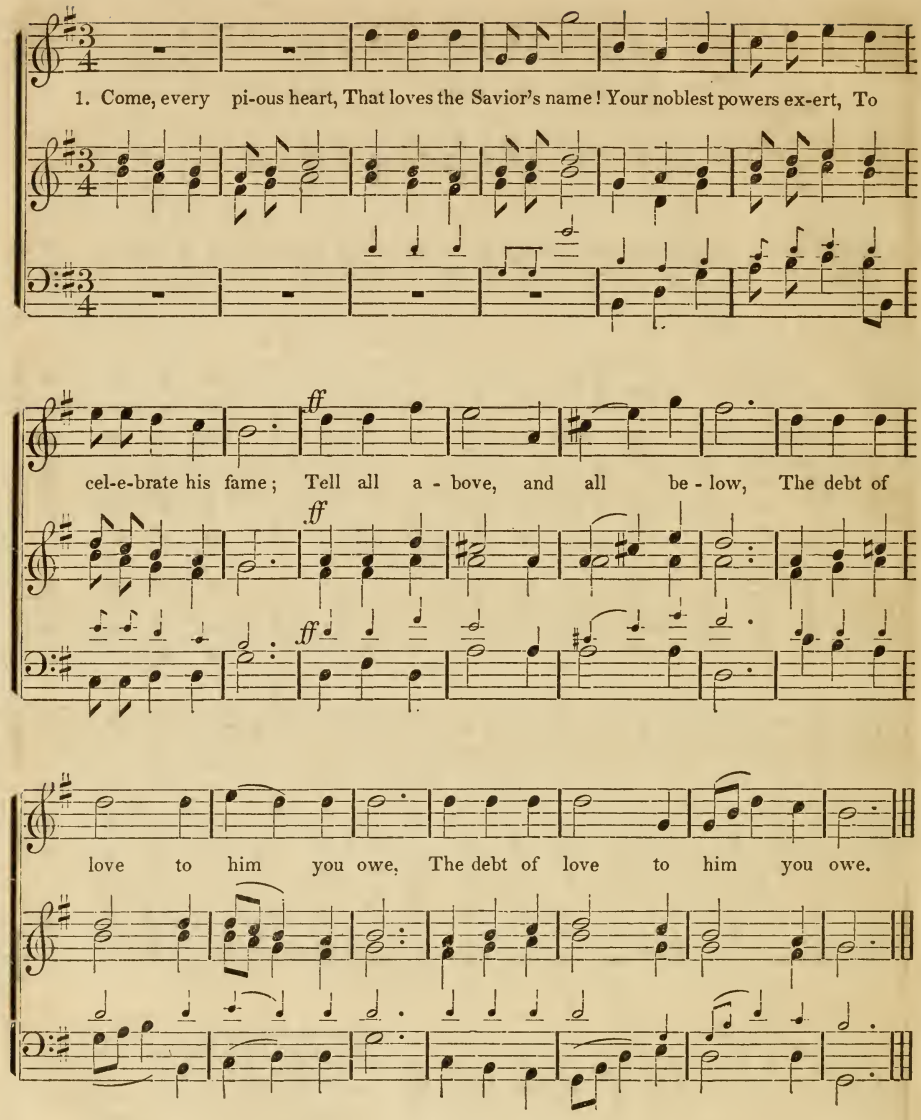

1. O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a
soul from death, That casts it - self on thee? I have no ref - uge
of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf-fered once for



2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,—
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.


1. Come, every pi-ous heart, That loves the Savior's name! Your noblest powers ex-ert, To
cel-e-brate his fame; Tell all a - bove, and all be - low, The debt of
love to him you owe, The debt of love to him you owe.

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Savior's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

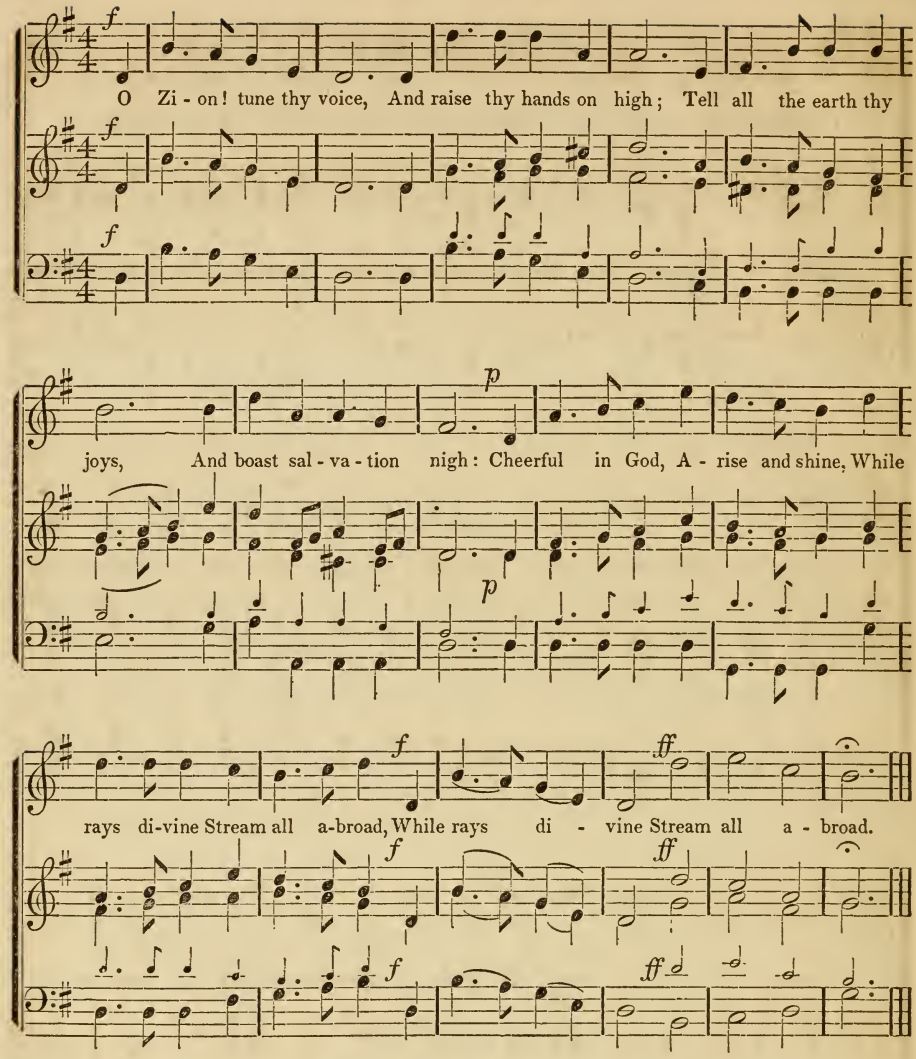
3 From the dark grave he rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Savior—God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come,—
His chariot will not stay,—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

1. Blow ye the trumpet!—blow,—The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know, To
2. Exalt the Lamb of God,—The sin-a-toning Lamb; Redemption by his blood, Through
earth's remotest bound,— The year of jubilee is come; Re-
all the world proclaim; The year of jubilee is come; Re-
turn, ye ransomed sinners! home, Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.
turn, ye ransomed sinners! home, Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell!
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls! draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

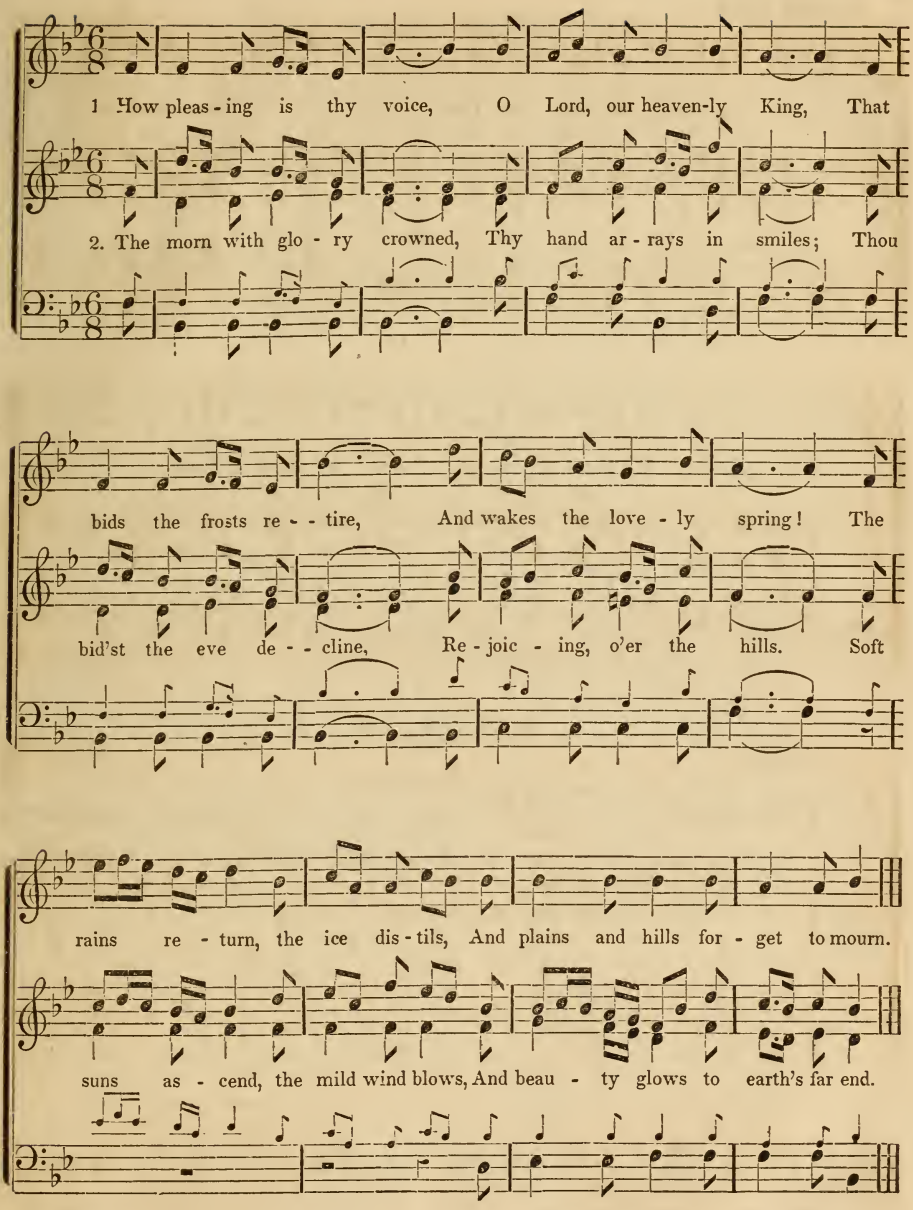

O Zi - on! tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; Tell all the earth thy
joys, And boast sal - va - tion nigh: Cheerful in God, A - rise and shine, While
rays di-vine Stream all a-broad, While rays di - vine Stream all a - broad.

1 O Zion! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And, with his radiance, fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round his throne,
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

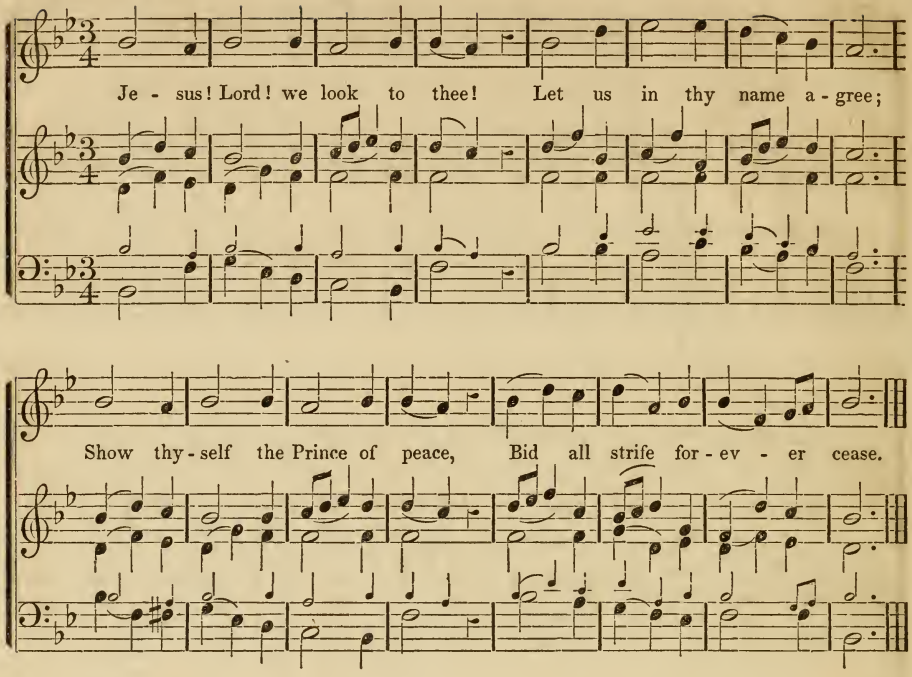

1 How pleas - ing is thy voice, O Lord, our heaven-ly King, That
2. The morn with glo - ry crowned, Thy hand ar - rays in smiles; Thou
bids the frosts re - - tire, And wakes the love - ly spring! The
bid'st the eve de - - cline, Re - joic - ing, o'er the hills. Soft
rains re - turn, the ice dis - tils, And plains and hills for - get to mourn.
suns as - cend, the mild wind blows, And beau - ty glows to earth's far end.

3 Thou mak'st the pastures green,
Thou call'st the flocks abroad,
The springing corn proclaims
The footsteps of our God:
Both bird and beast
Partake thy care,
And happy, share
The general feast.

4 The thunder is his voice,
His arrows blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs:
The balmy breeze
His breath perfumes,
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

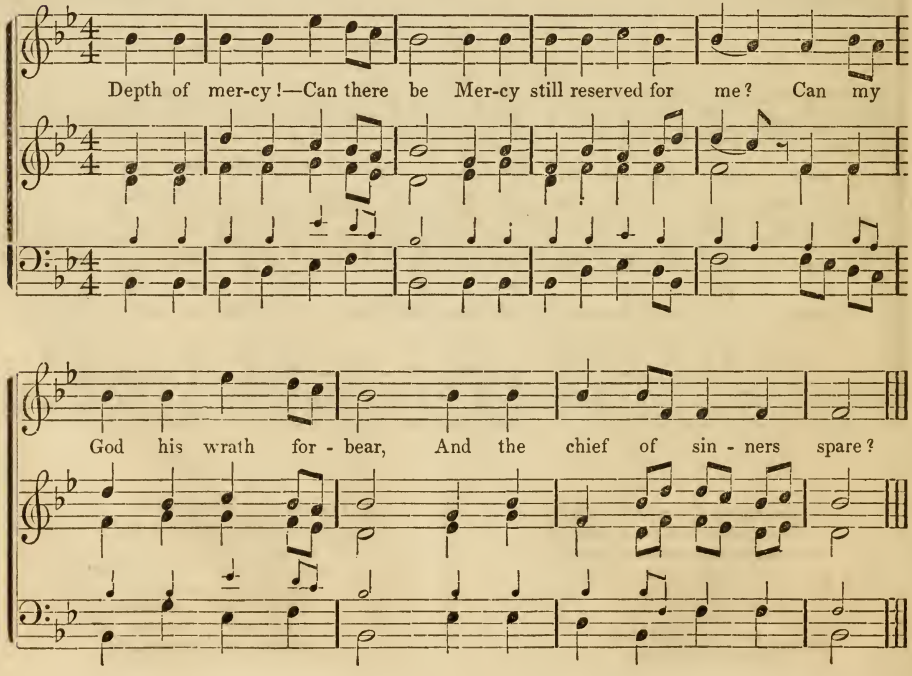
LAFON. 7s.

RATHER SLOW.

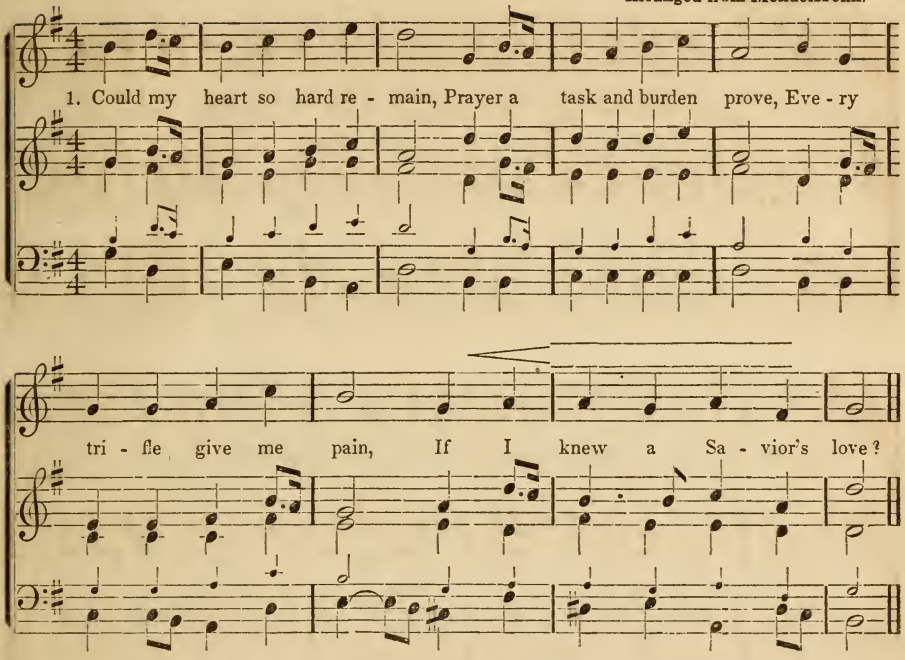


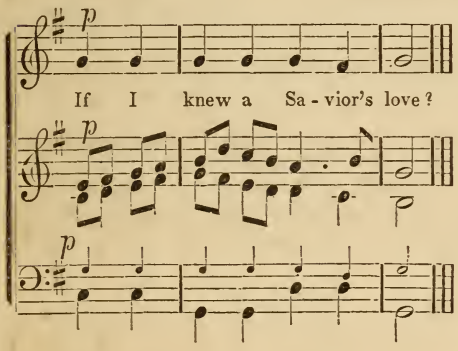
NEWARK. 7s.

MODERATO. J. ZUNDEL.



Arranged from Mendelssohn.





2 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case—
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

5 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

Lafon p. 86.

1 Jesus, Lord! we look to thee!
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burthen bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

4 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,—
Showing how believers die.

Newark.

1 Depth of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

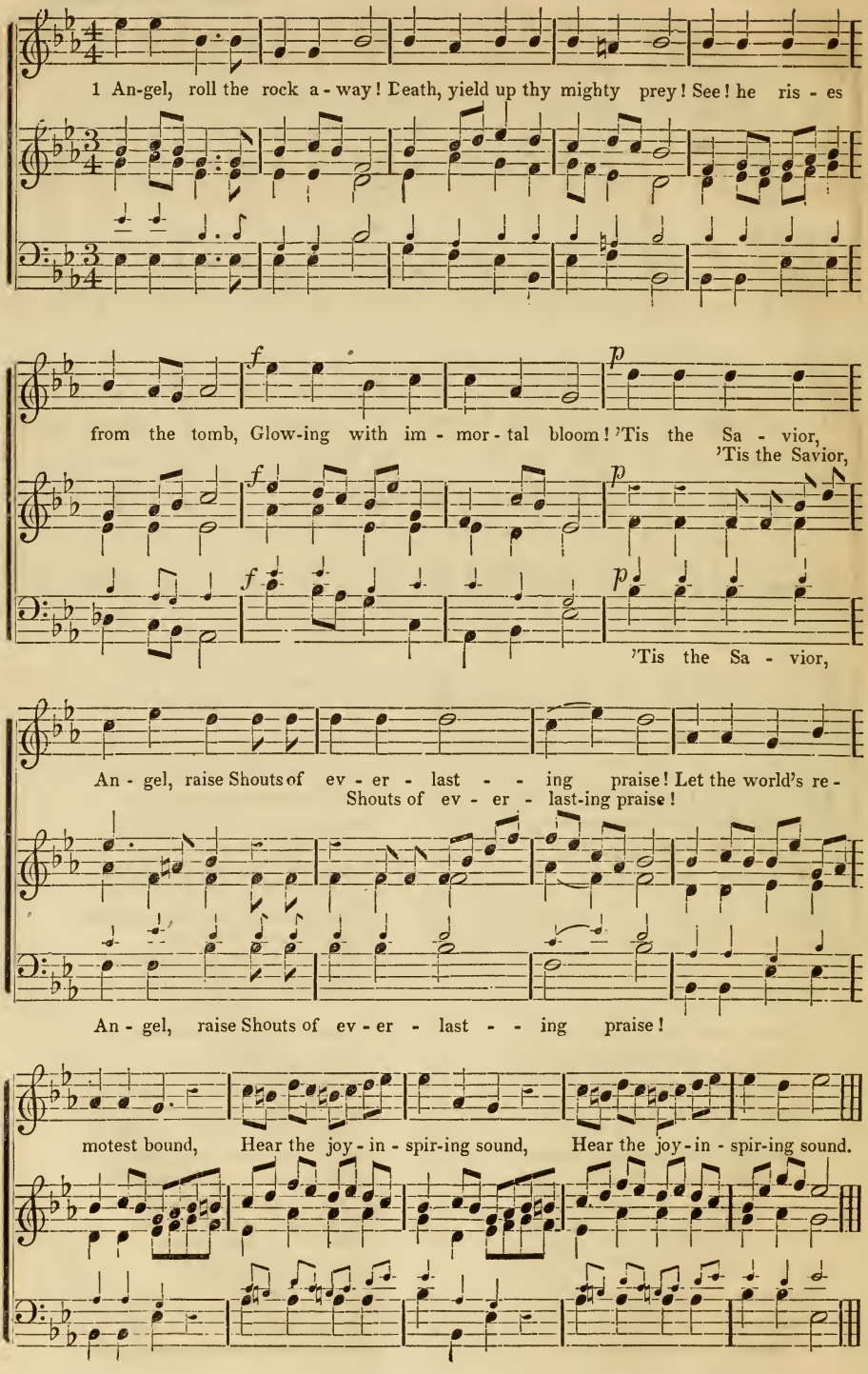
2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?—
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

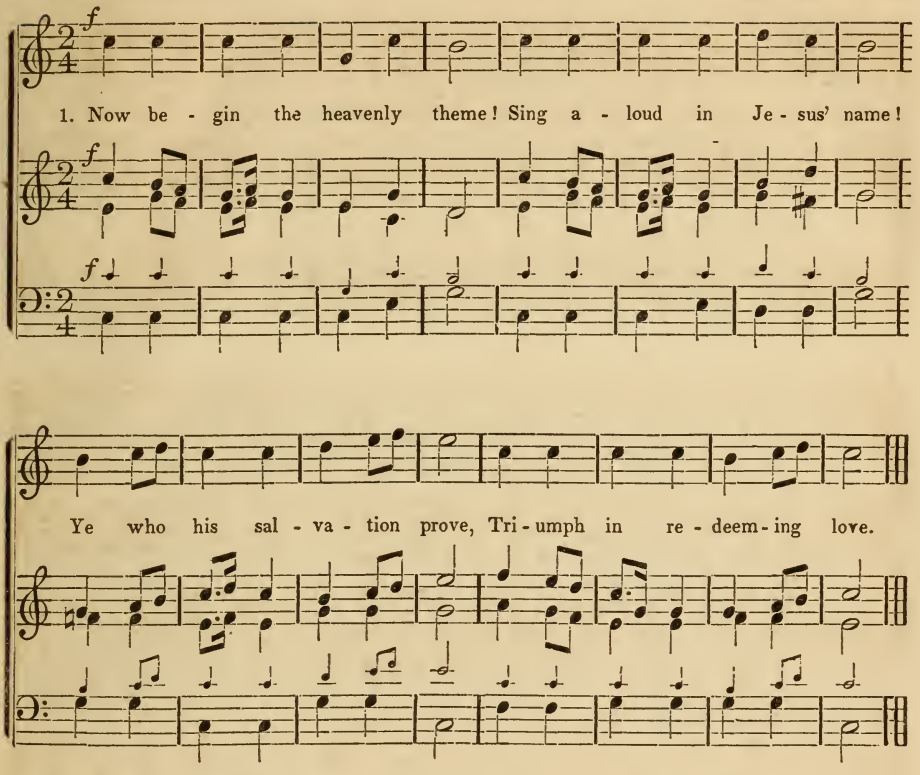
4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

ANDANTE.

OBERLIN. 7s Double.


1 An-gel, roll the rock a-way! Death, yield up thy mighty prey! See! he ris-es
from the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom! 'Tis the Sa-vior,
'Tis the Savior,
'Tis the Sa-vior,
An-gel, raise Shouts of ev-er-last-ing praise! Let the world's re-
Shouts of ev-er-last-ing praise!
An-gel, raise Shouts of ev-er-last-ing praise!
motest bound, Hear the joy-in-spir-ing sound, Hear the joy-in-spir-ing sound.

BOLD AND SPIRITED.



Oberlin.

2 'Tis the Savior! Angel, raise
Shouts of everlasting praise:
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Savior's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

Indianopolis.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming blood.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your sinful fears;
See your guilt and curse remove.
Cancelled by redeeming love.

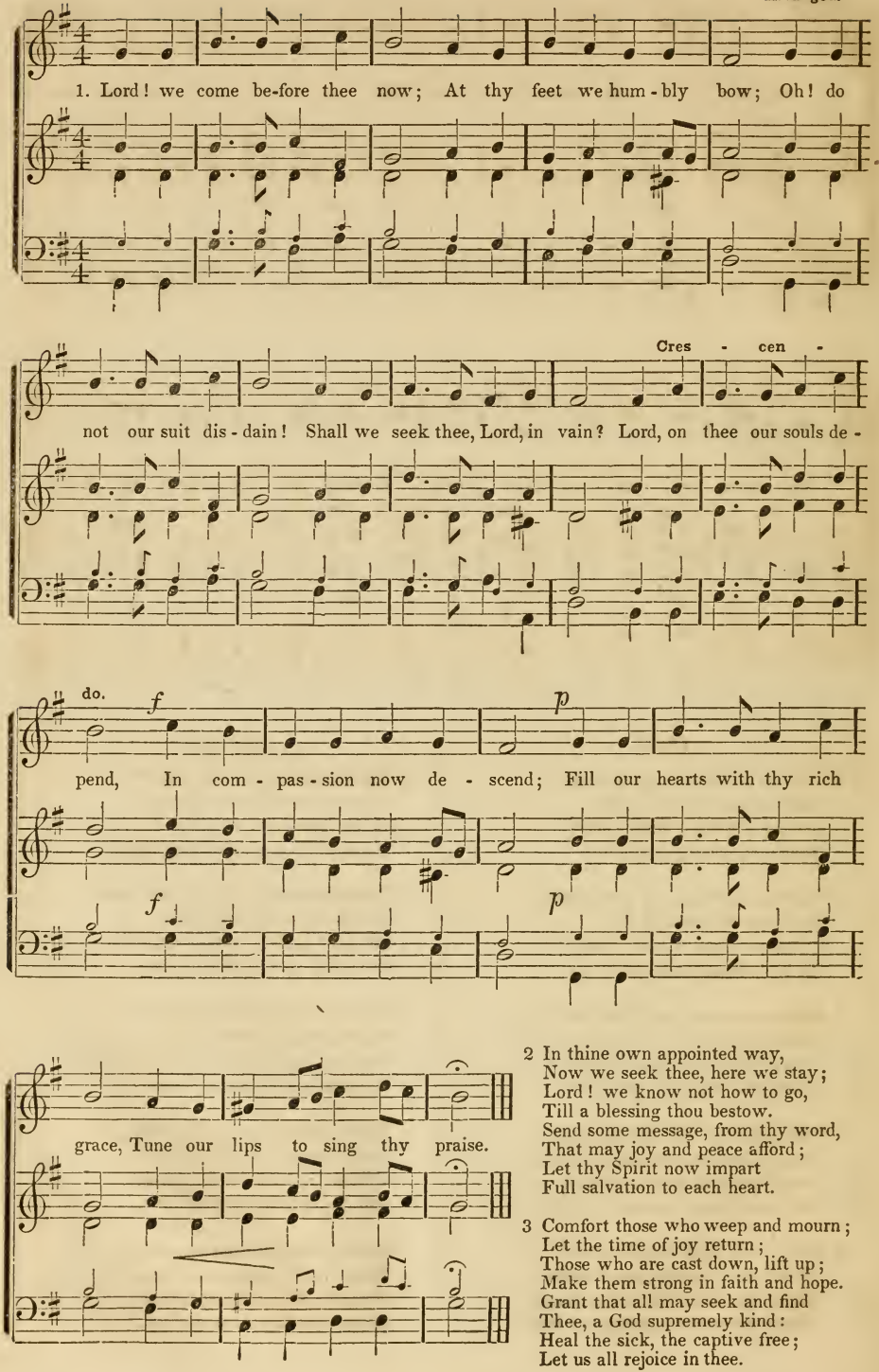
4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of the Lord's redeeming love.

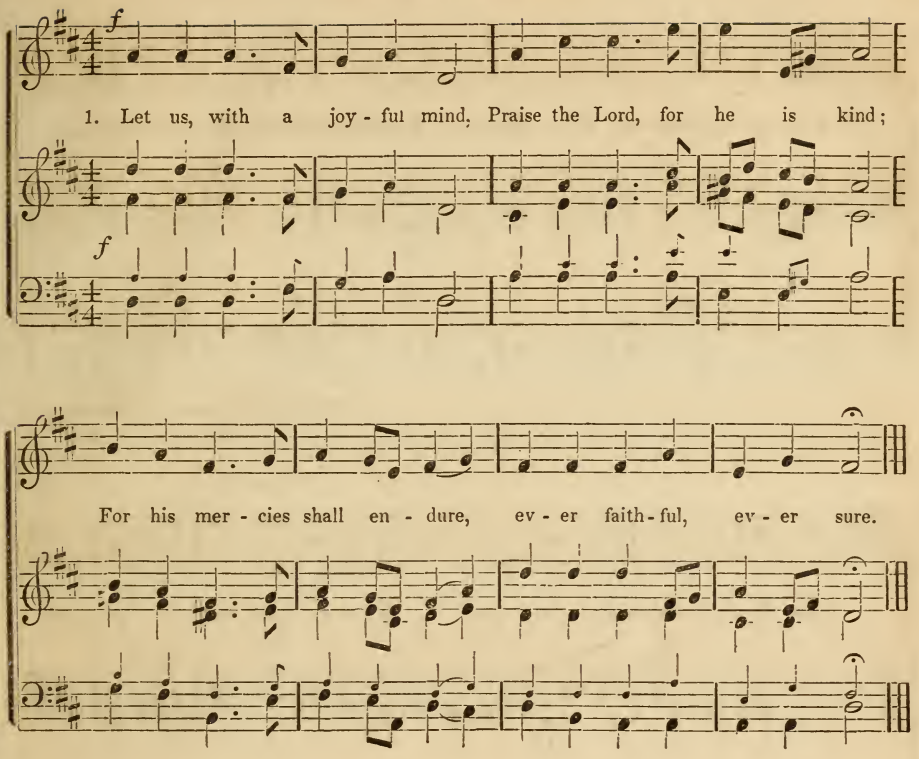
BURGESS. 7s. Double.

Arranged.


1. Lord! we come be-fore thee now; At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh! do
Cres - cen -
not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Lord, on thee our souls de-
do.
f
p
pend, In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich
f
p
grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord! we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message, from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.



Barnes.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Barnes.

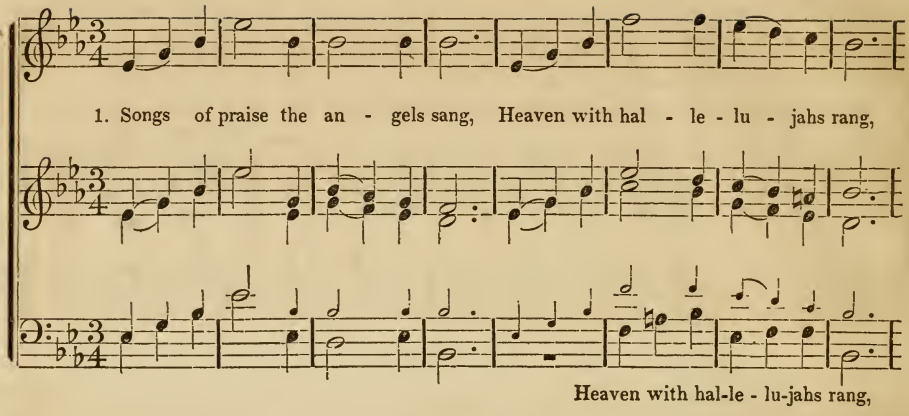
1 Hallelujah! raise, Oh! raise
To our God the song of praise.
All his servants! join to sing
God, our Saviour and our King.

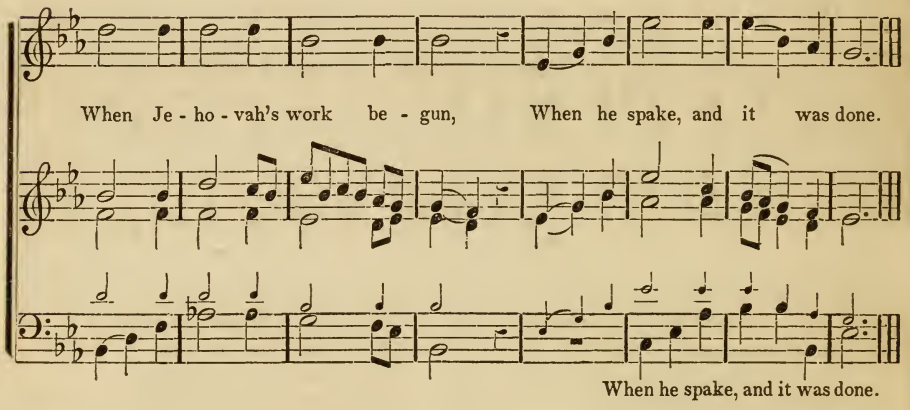
2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore!
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, by every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens his throne;
Who is like our God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens he bends;—
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

5 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,—for ever praise.





Ilsley.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious morning come?
No!—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

From the cross, up - lift - ed high, Where the Sa - vior deigns to
die, What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the rav - ish'd
ear!—"Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Come and welcome, sin - ner, come!
f

1 From the cross, uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
" Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

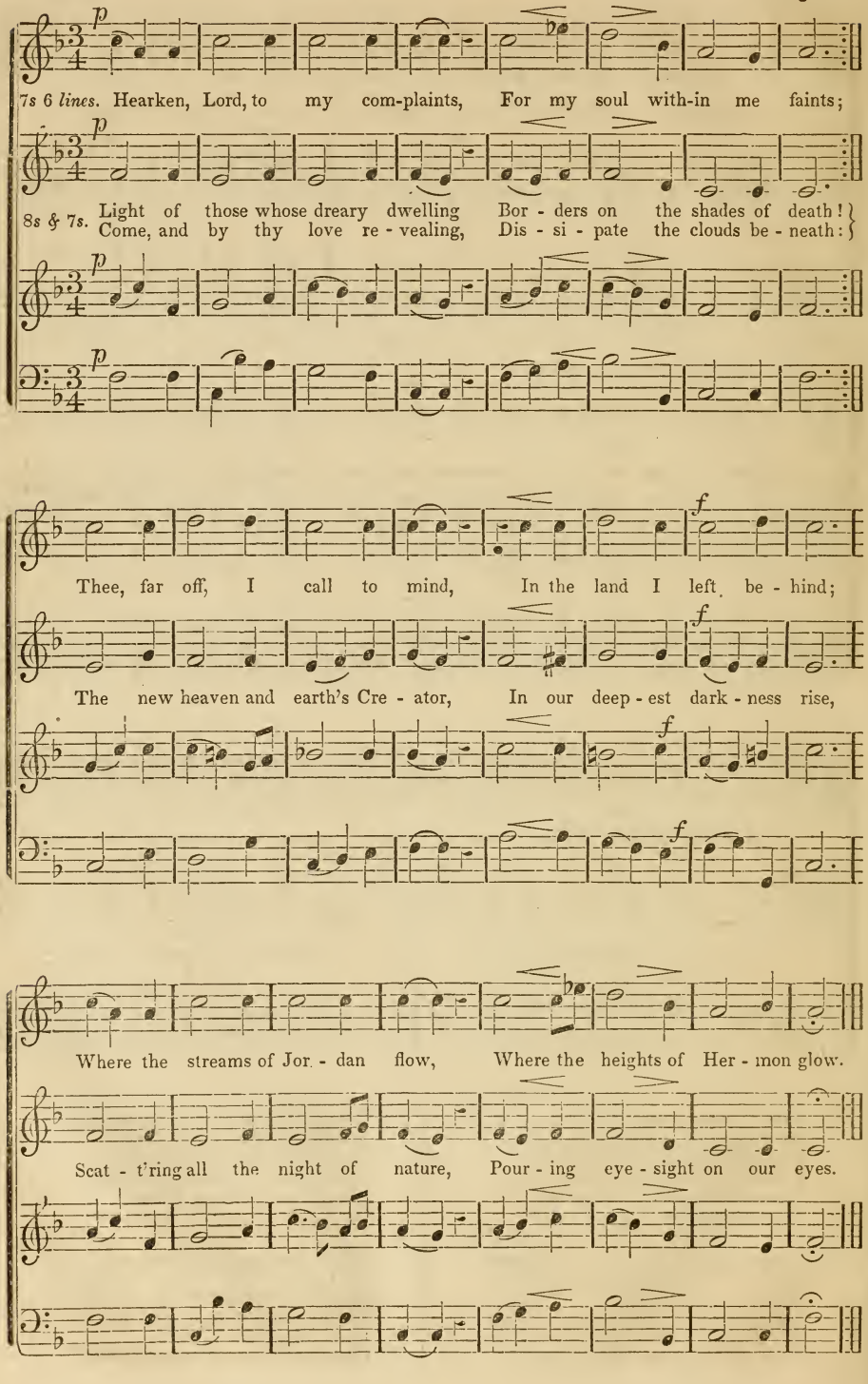
2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

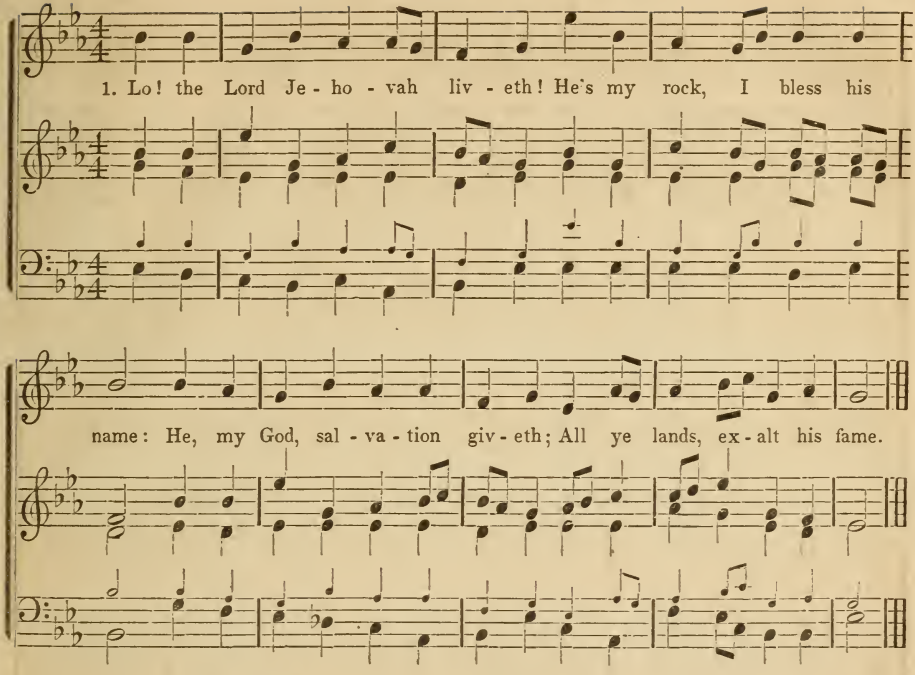
3 " Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 " Soon the days of life shall end
Lo, I come—your Savior, friend—
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day;
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

ESTHER. 7s, or 8s & 7s Double, or 6 lines by omitting the Repeat.

SLOW. Arranged.


7s 6 lines. Hearken, Lord, to my com-plaints, For my soul with-in me faints;
8s & 7s. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Bor - ders on the shades of death!
Come, and by thy love re - vealing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath:
Thee, far off, I call to mind, In the land I left be - hind;
The new heaven and earth's Cre - ator, In our deep - est dark - ness rise,
Where the streams of Jor - dan flow, Where the heights of Her - mon glow.
Scat - t'ring all the night of nature, Pour - ing eye - sight on our eyes.



Esther. 7s.

1 Hearken, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

2 Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of waterfalls,
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelmed by all thy waves.

3 Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird.
Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?

4 Why, my soul, art thou perplexed?
Why with faithless troubles vexed?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

Esther. 8s & 7s.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and, by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Savior!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Anthony.

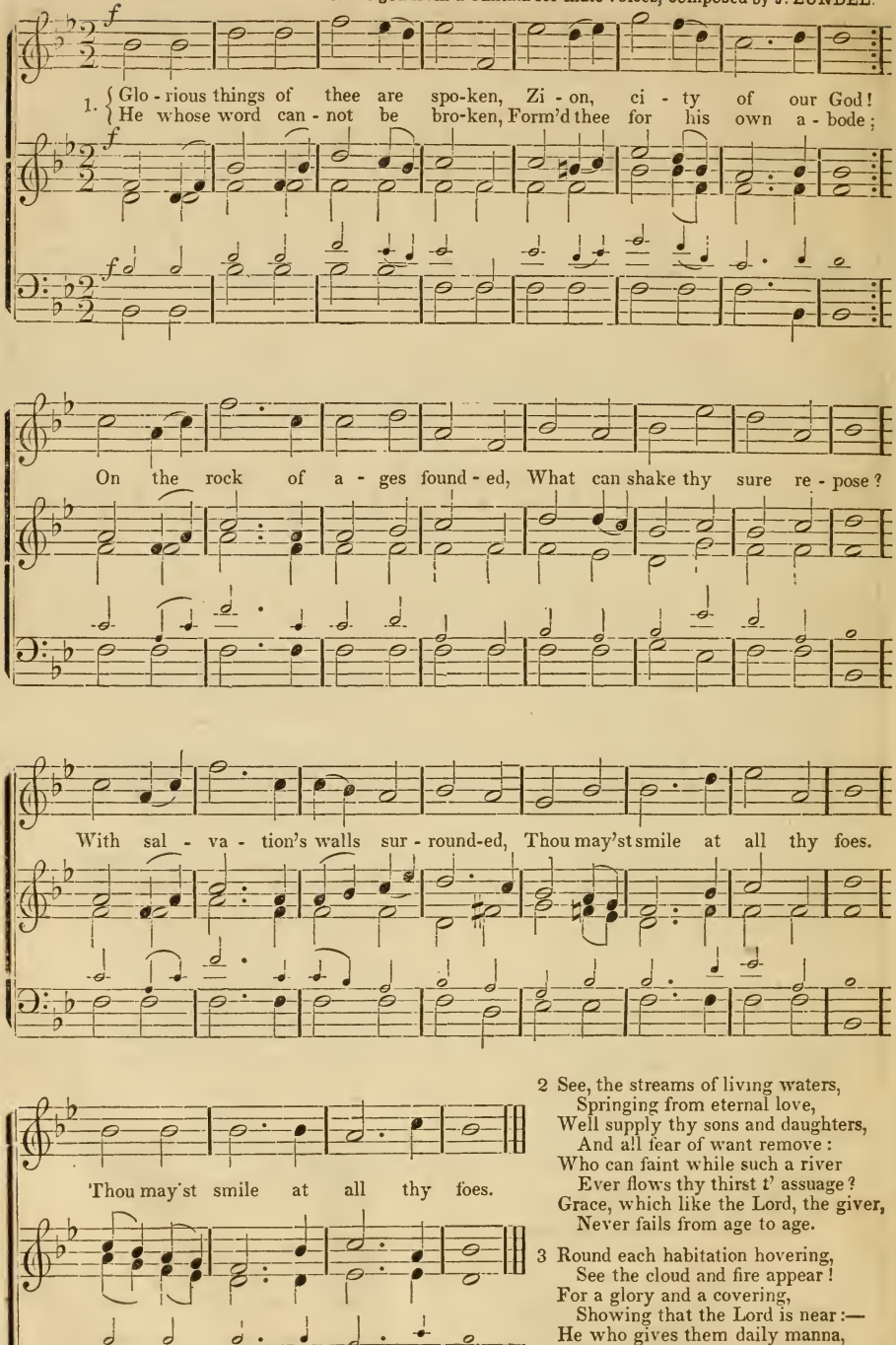
1 Lo! the Lord Jehovah liveth!
He's my rock, I bless his name:
He, my God, salvation giveth;
All ye lands, exalt his fame.

2 O'er his enemies exalted,
See the great Redeemer rise!
Though by powers of hell assaulted,
God supports him to the skies.

3 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend:
O'er the world the Savior reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.

MOUNT ZION. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

Arranged from a Cantata for male voices, composed by J. ZUNDEL.


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!
He whose word can - not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode;
On the rock of a - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
'Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

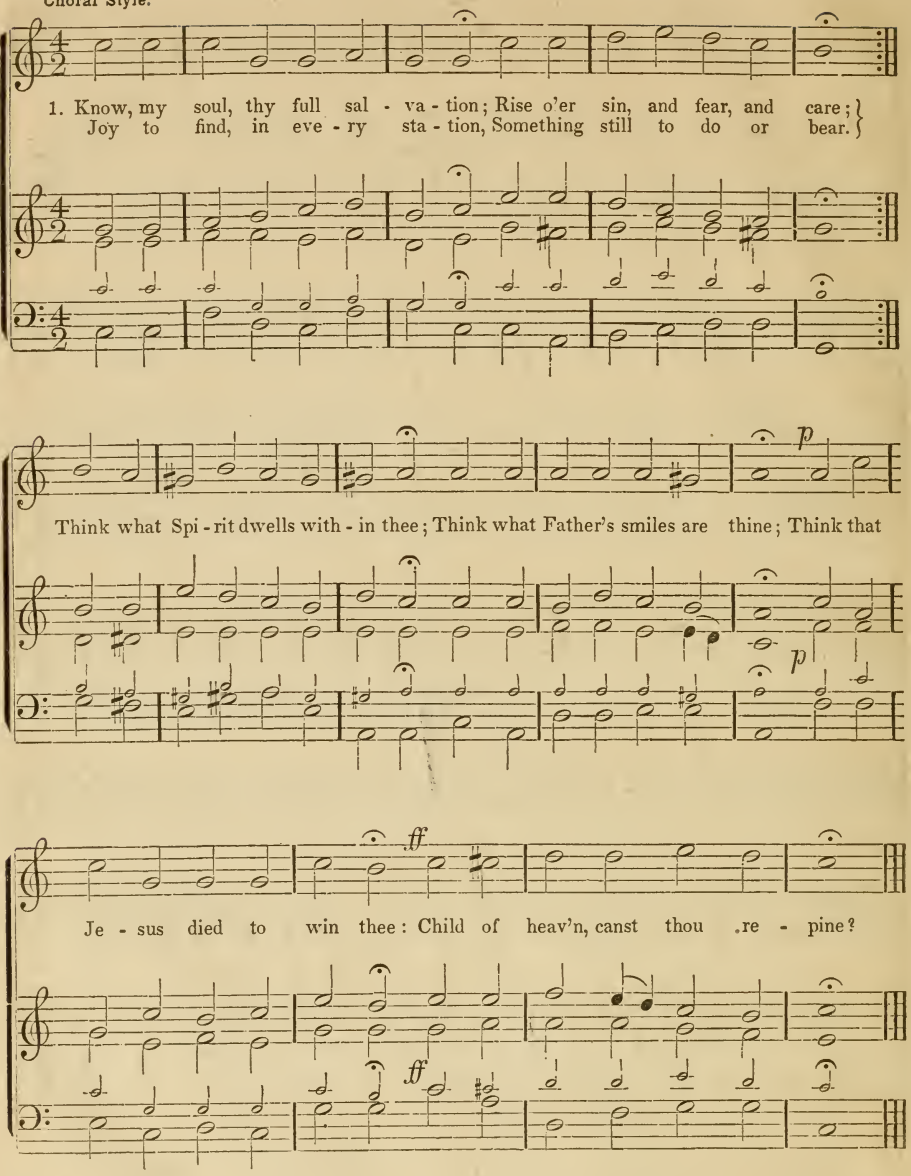
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:—
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high

Adagio.
1. Hap - py soul, thy days are end - ing, All thy mourn-ing
2. For the joy he sets be - fore thee, Bear a mo - men-
days be - low; Go,— the an - gel guards at - tend - ing,—To the
ta - ry pain; Die, to live a life of glo - ry; Suf - fer,
p
p
sight of Je - sus go. Waiting to receive thy spi - rit, Lo! the
with thy Lord to reign. Struggle through thy lat-est pas - sion, To thy
Sav - ior stands a - bove; Shows the ful - ness of his mer - it, Reaches
great Re-deem-er's breast, To his ut - ter - most sal - va - tion, To his
f
Dim.
Rit.
out the crown of love, Reaches out the crown of love.
e - ver-last-ing rest, To his e - - ver - last - ing rest.
f
Dim.
Rit.

HOPE. 8s & 7s. (Double.)

Choral Style.


1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in eve - ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear.
p
Think what Spi - rit dwells with - in thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; Think that
p
ff
Je - sus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?
ff

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

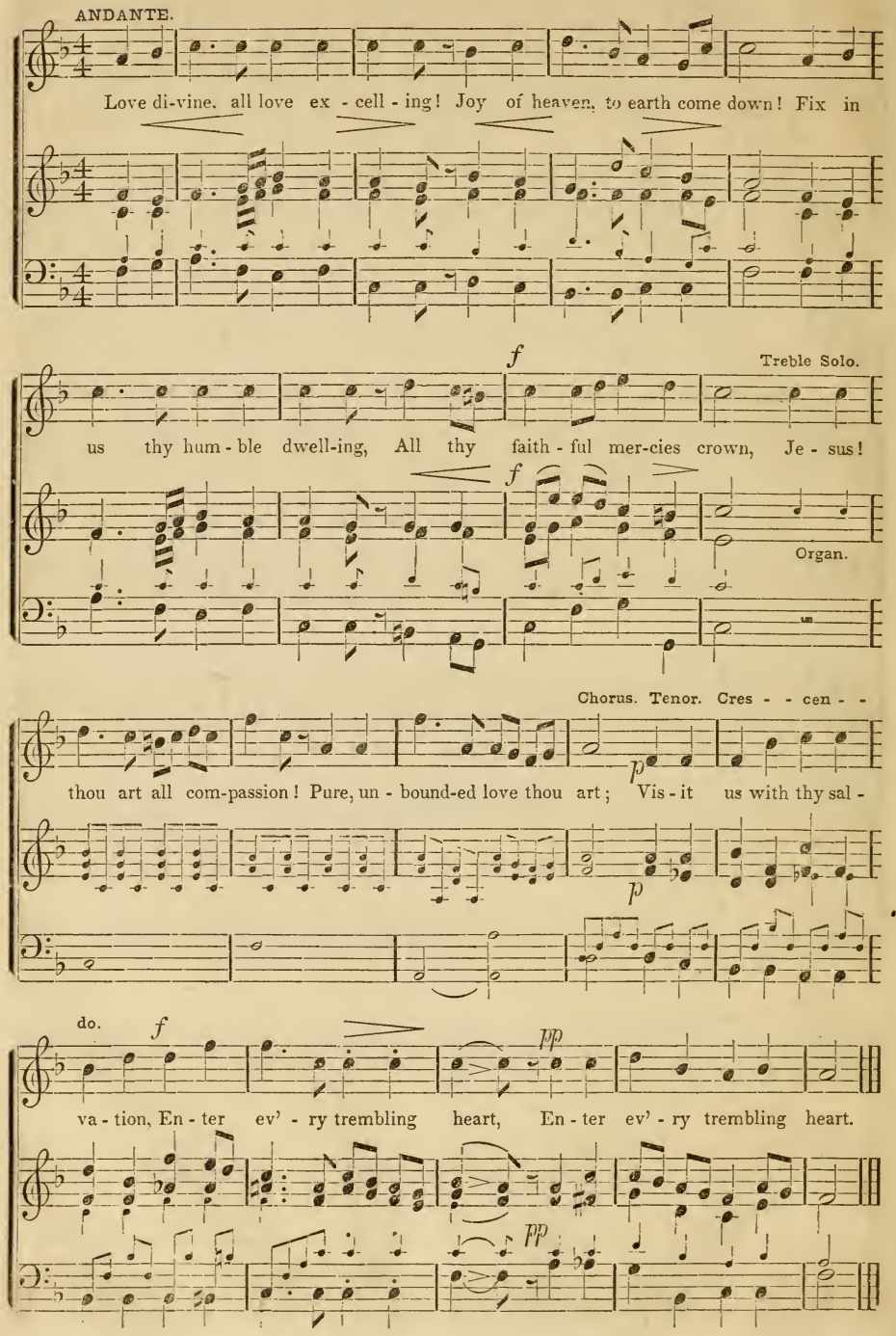
2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

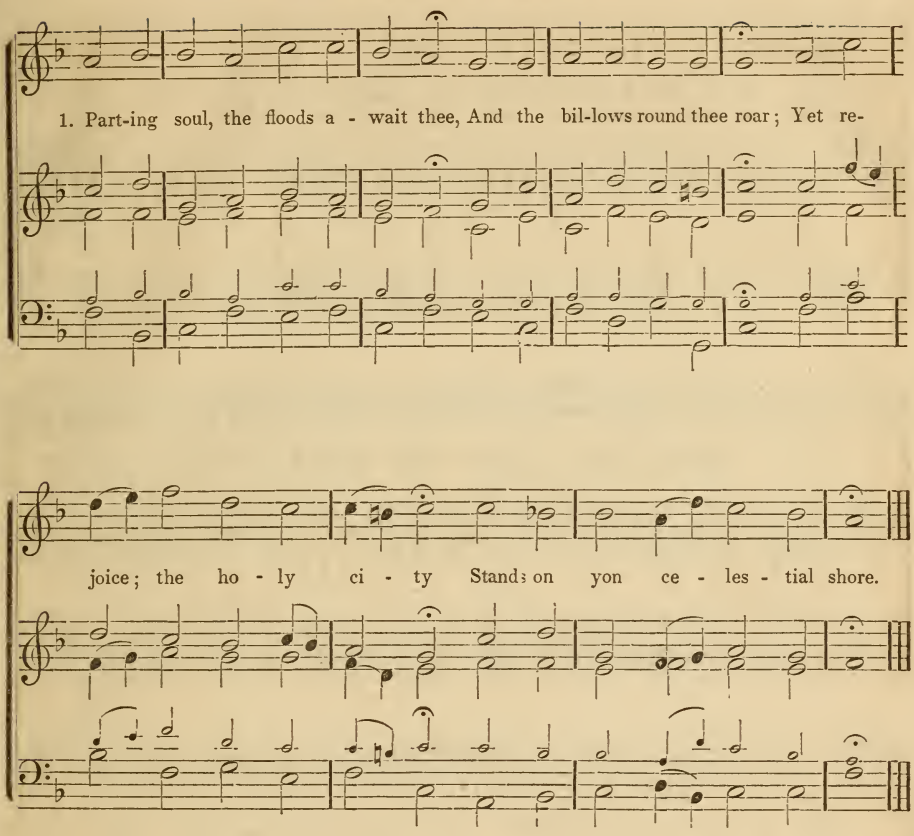
PILGRIM. 8's & 7's, Double.

1. Gent - ly, Lord! O gent - ly lead us Through this lone - ly vale of
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws
tears; Through the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap -
near, Suf - fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf - fer not our souls to
p Soli.
pears: When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we
p
fear; And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us on thy bo - som
p
p Chorus.
ff
stray, Let thy good-ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
p
ff
rest, Till, by an - gel - bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.
ff

DEVOTION. 8s. & 7s. (Double.)

FOR QUARTET OR SMALL CHOIRS.


ANDANTE.
Love di-vine, all love ex - cell - ing! Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in
f
Treble Solo.
us thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All thy faith - ful mer-cies crown, Je - sus!
f
Organ.
Chorus. Tenor. Cres - - cen - -
p
thou art all com-passion! Pure, un - bound-ed love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal -
p
do.
f
pp
va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry trembling heart, En - ter ev' - ry trembling heart.
pp


1. Part-ing soul, the floods a - wait thee, And the bil-lows round thee roar; Yet re-
joice; the ho - ly ci - ty Stands on yon ce - les - tial shore.

1 Parting soul, the floods await thee,
  And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice; the holy city
  Stands on yon celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
  There the living waters glide;
There the just in shining raiment,
  Standing by Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not, the stream is narrow,
  Though its cold dark waters rise;
He who passed the flood before thee,
  Guides thy path to yonder skies.

Devotion, page 102.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,—
  Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
  All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
  Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
  Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe!—Oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
  Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
  Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
  Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,—
  Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
  Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
  Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

NEW HAVEN. 8s & 7s Double.

1. O my God, by thee for - sak - en, Pros-trate in the dust I lie;
Faith by gloom-y ter-rors shak - en, All my hopes with-in me die:
Yet my soul, in thee con - fid - ing, Me - di - tates thy mer - cy still;
Tho' on earth's dark coast a - bid - ing, Dis - tant far from Zi - on's hill.
2. Deep to deep re-spon-sive call - ing, Thunders roar, the tor - rents roll;
Burst-ing clouds a-round me fall - ing, Wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul:
Yet the Lord, his grace com - mand - ing, Will with mer - cies crown my days:
He my guard-ian, near me stand - ing, Cheers my nights with prayer and praise.

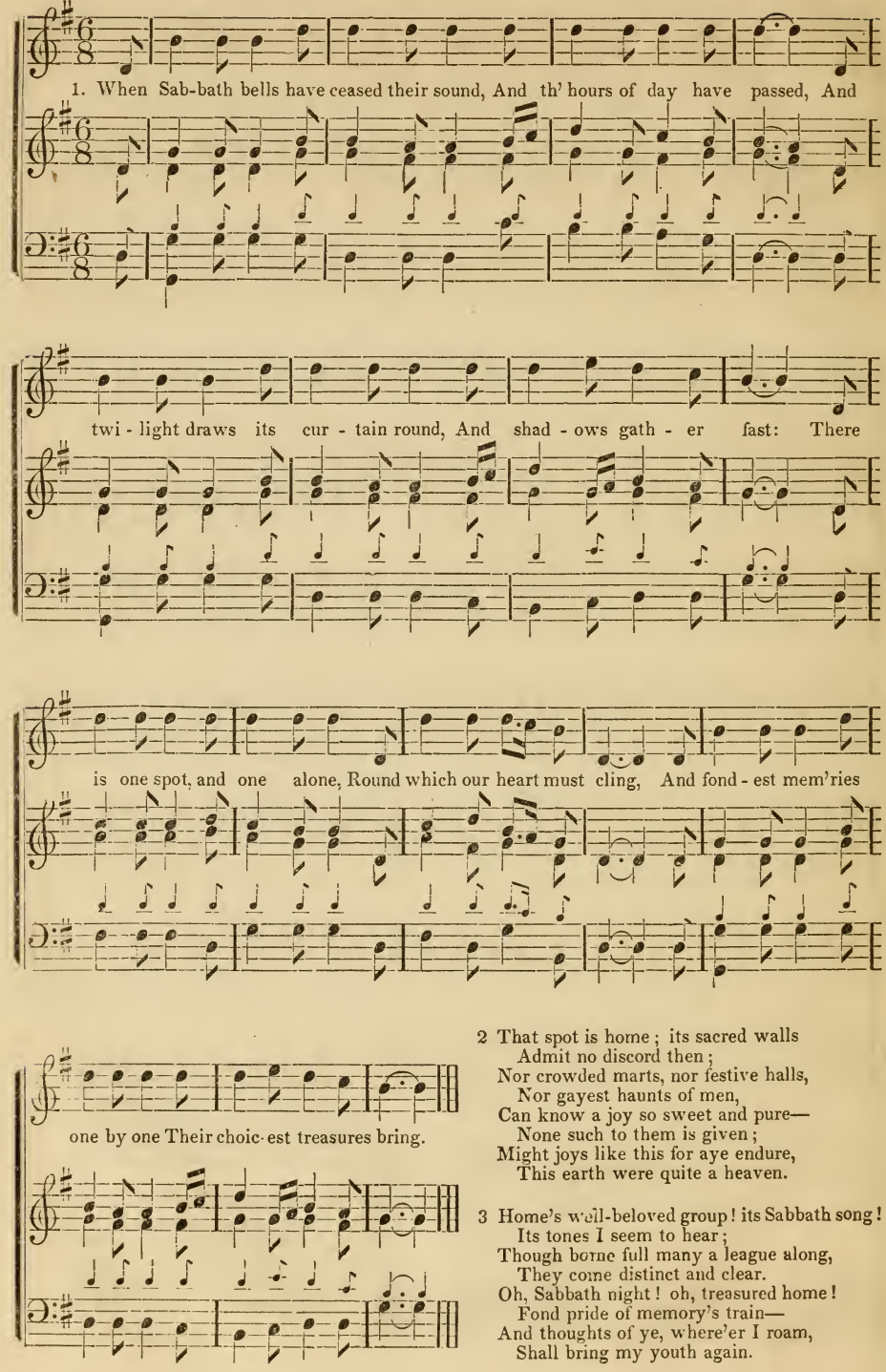
GRAVE. Solo.
1. Come to Cal - vary's ho - ly moun-tain, Sin - ners, ru - ined by the fall!
Organ or Piano.
f
Here a pure and heal - ing foun - tain Flows to you, to me, to all,
f
Chorus.
In a full, per - pet - ual tide, O - pened when our Sa - vior died,
Soli.
p
Chorus.
O - pened when our Sa - vior died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live forever:
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

NOT TOO QUICK.

WILLIAMSBURGH. 8s & 7s Double.


1. When Sab-bath bells have ceased their sound, And th' hours of day have passed, And
twi - light draws its cur - tain round, And shad - ows gath - er fast: There
is one spot, and one alone, Round which our heart must cling, And fond - est mem'ries
one by one Their choic - est treasures bring.

2 That spot is home; its sacred walls
Admit no discord then;
Nor crowded marts, nor festive halls,
Nor gayest haunts of men,
Can know a joy so sweet and pure—
None such to them is given;
Might joys like this for aye endure,
This earth were quite a heaven.

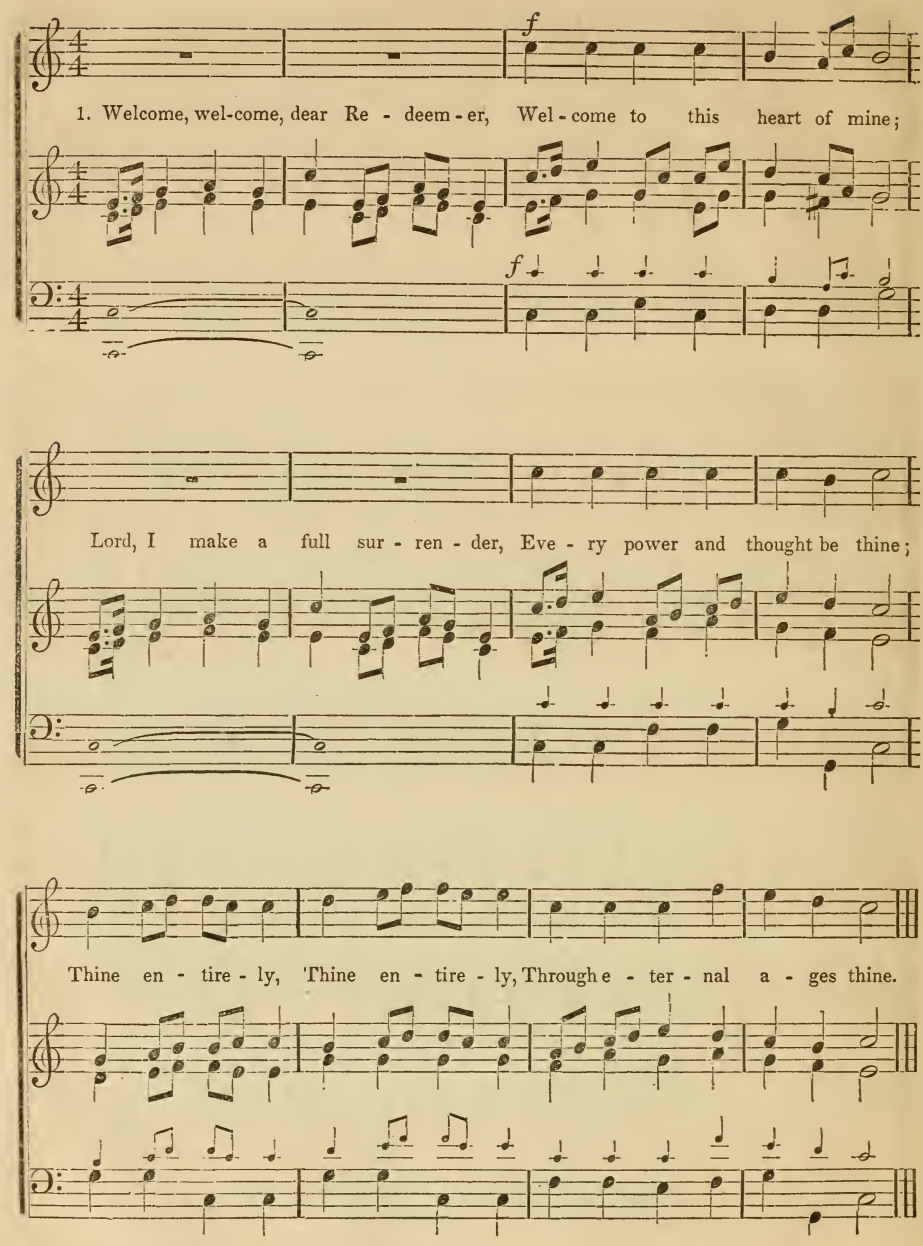
3 Home's well-beloved group! its Sabbath song!
Its tones I seem to hear;
Though borne full many a league along,
They come distinct and clear.
Oh, Sabbath night! oh, treasured home!
Fond pride of memory's train—
And thoughts of ye, where'er I roam,
Shall bring my youth again.

FLOWING.

1. Lord! dis - miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re - deem - ing grace;
p
f
O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav' - ling through this wil - der - ness.

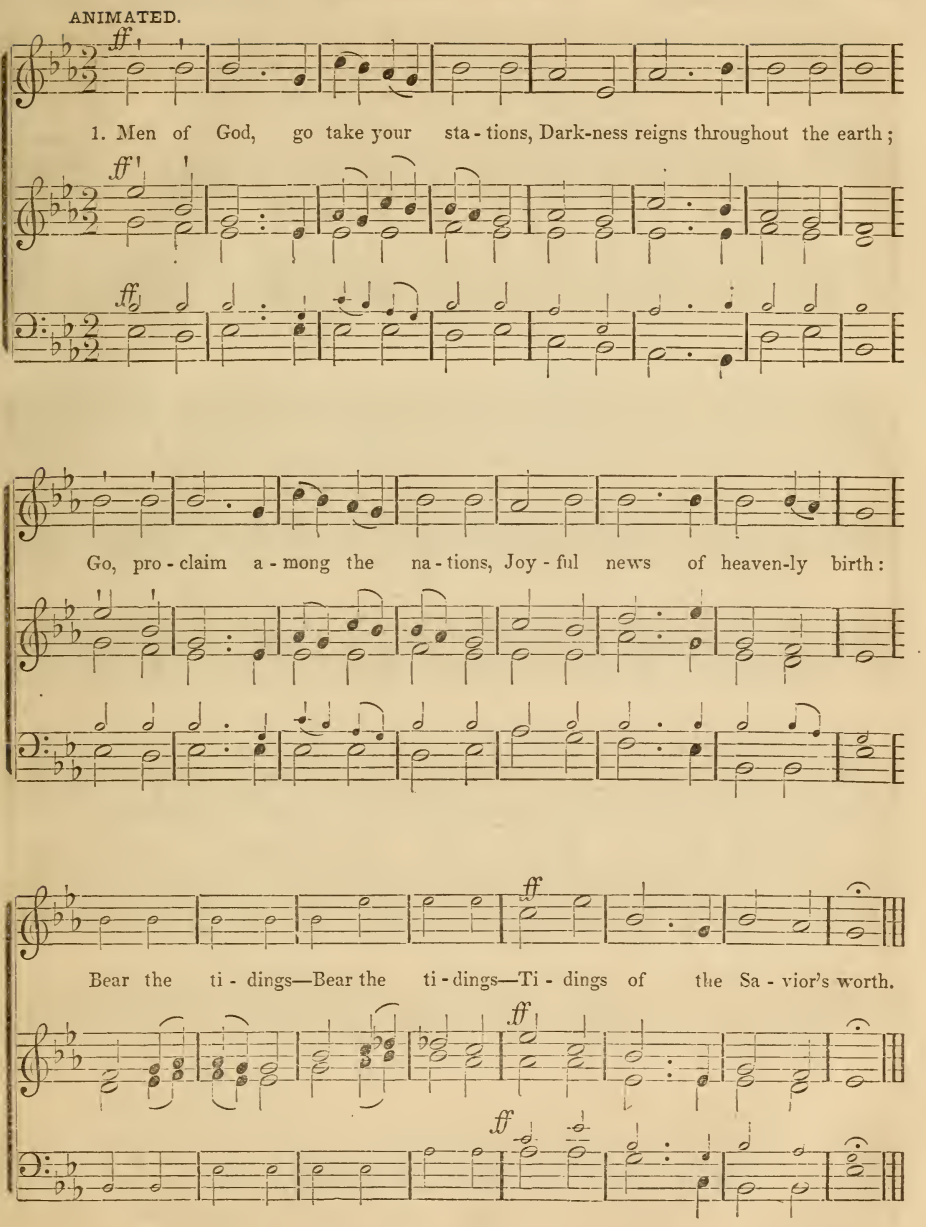
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.


f
1. Welcome, wel-come, dear Re - deem - er, Wel - come to this heart of mine;
f
Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, Eve - ry power and thought be thine;
Thine en - tire - ly, Thine en - tire - ly, Through e - ter - nal a - ges thine.

1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!


ANIMATED.
1. Men of God, go take your sta - tions, Dark-ness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, pro - claim a - mong the na - tions, Joy - ful news of heaven-ly birth:
Bear the ti - dings—Bear the ti - dings—Ti - dings of the Sa - vior's worth.

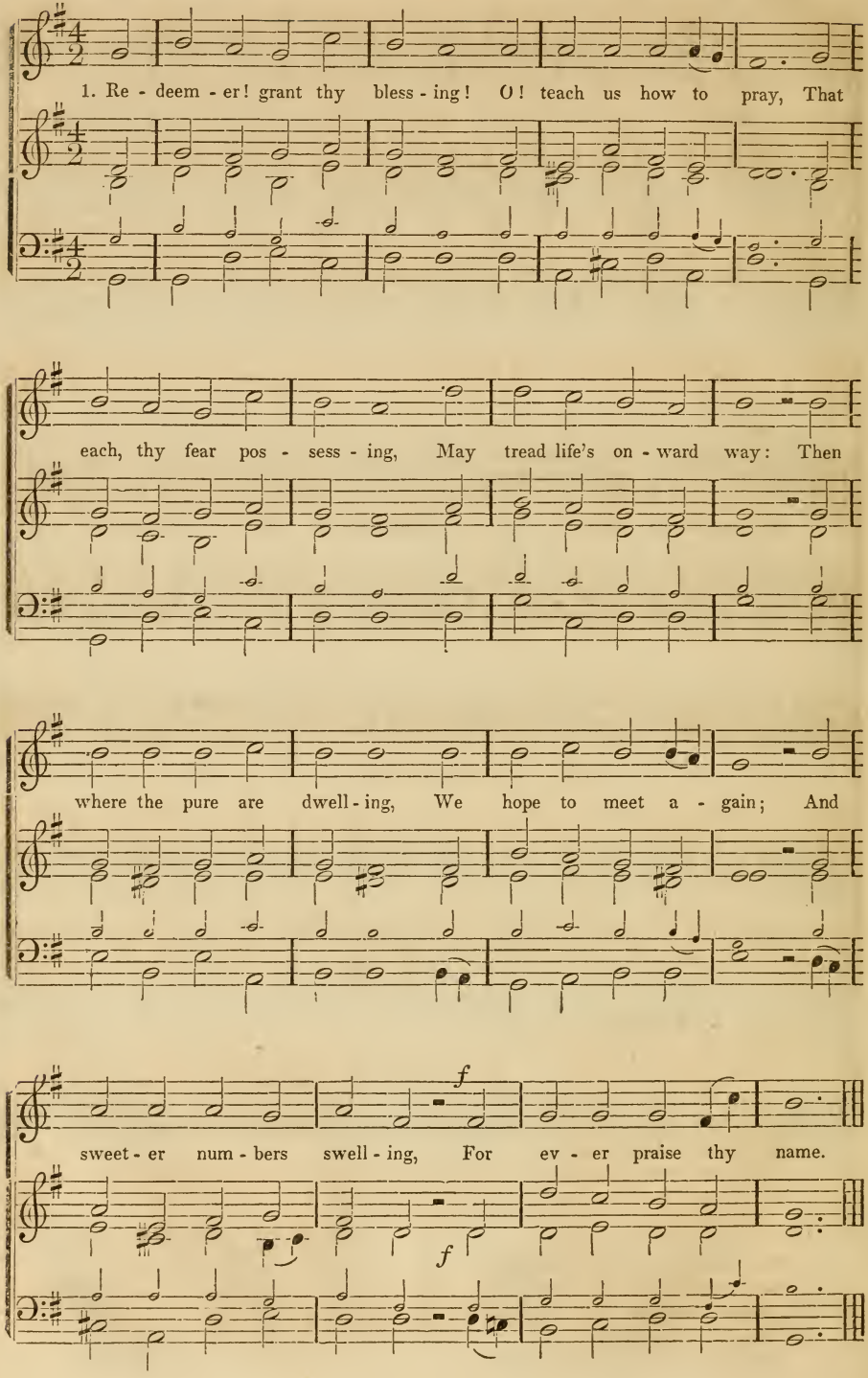
2 Of his gospel not ashamed,—
'T is the power of God to save;
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave:
Blessed freedom!
Freedom Zion's children have.

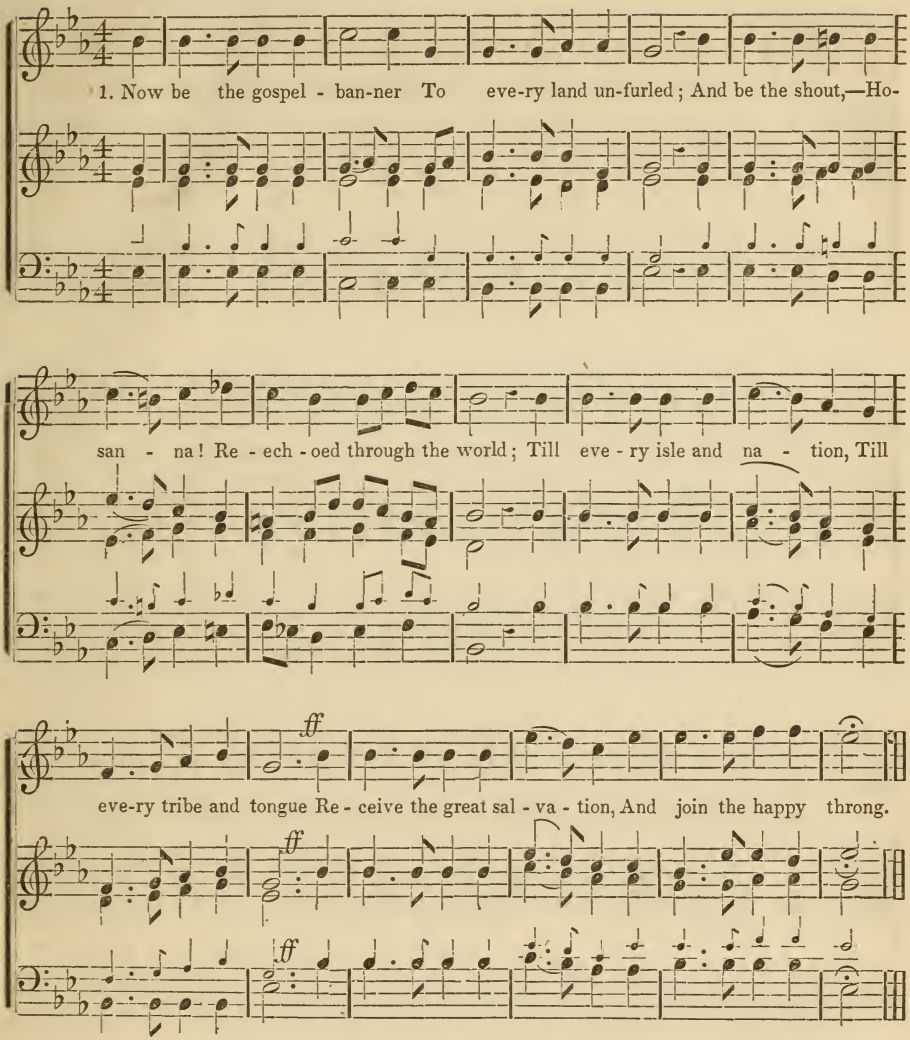
3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
He is with you,—
He will guide you to the end.

ORLANDO. 7s & 6s.

CHORAL MOVEMENT.

Arranged from ORLANDO DI LASSO.


1. Re - deem - er! grant thy bless - ing! O! teach us how to pray, That
each, thy fear pos - sess - ing, May tread life's on - ward way: Then
where the pure are dwell - ing, We hope to meet a - gain; And
f
sweet - er num - bers swell - ing, For ev - er praise thy name.
f


1. Now be the gospel - ban-ner To eve-ry land un-furled; And be the shout,—Ho-
san - na! Re - ech - oed through the world; Till eve - ry isle and na - tion, Till
ff
eve-ry tribe and tongue Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the happy throng.
ff
ff

Monadnock.

1 Now be the gospel-banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout,—"Hosanna!"—
Reechoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
Thy empire still increase.

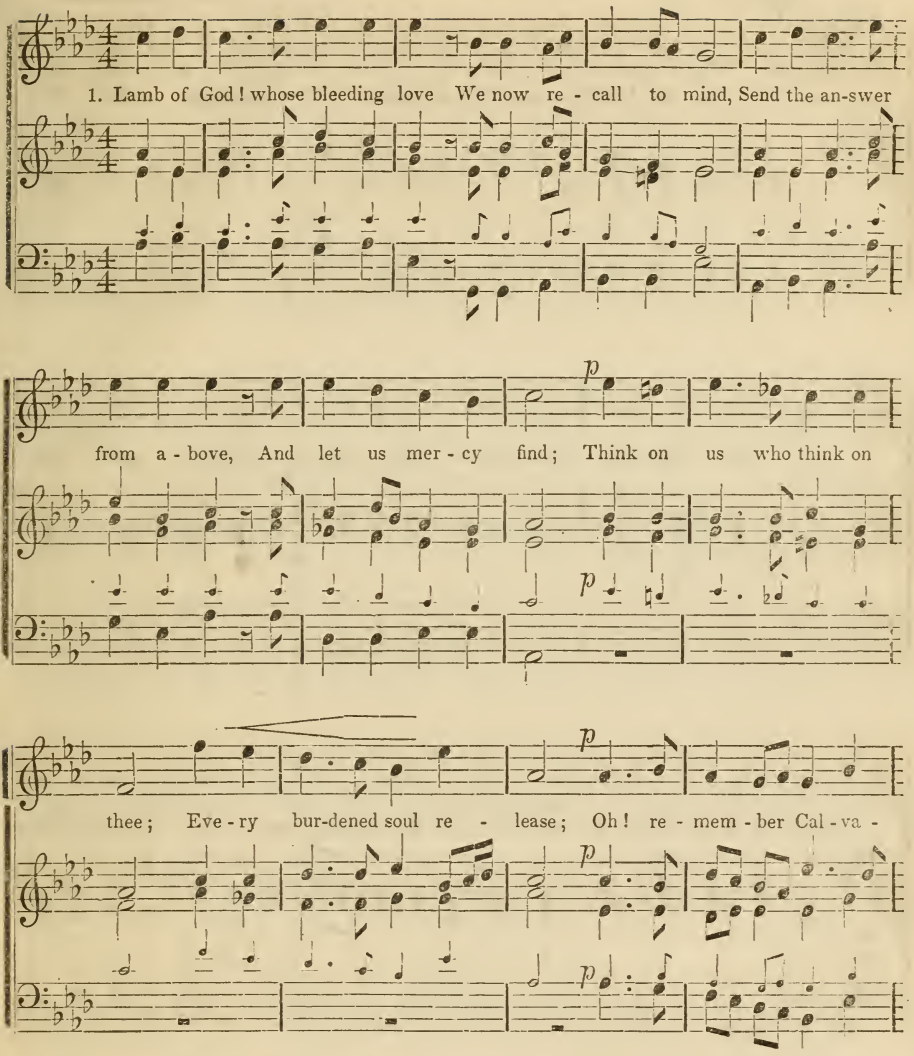
3 Yes—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

1. To thee, my God and Sa - vior! My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re -
joic - ing in thy fa - vor, Al - migh - ty King of kings! I'll
cel - e-brate thy glo - ry, With all thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful
sto - ry Of thy re-deem-ing love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased the Lord shall hear;
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode;
Then cast my crown before thee,
And all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore thee;—
What could an angel more?

TENDERLY.

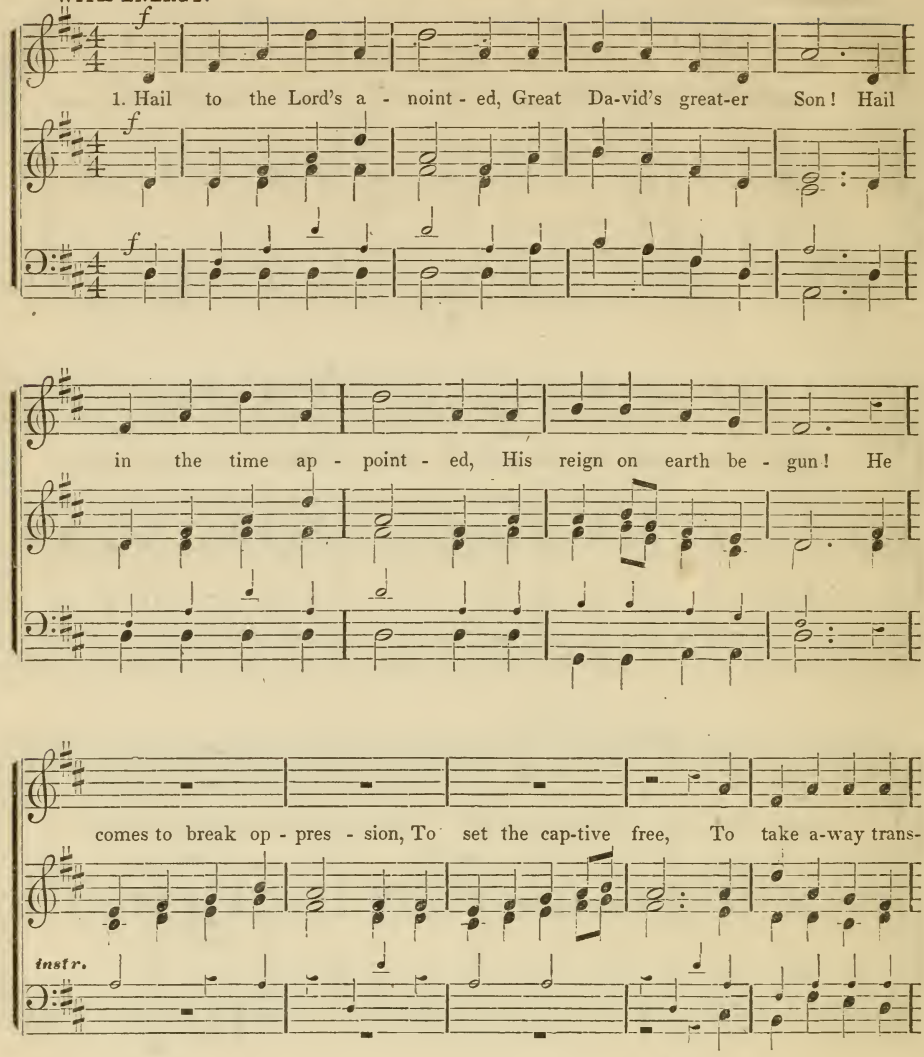

1. Lamb of God! whose bleeding love We now re - call to mind, Send the an-swer
from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find; Think on us who think on
thee; Eve - ry bur-dened soul re - lease; Oh! re - mem - ber Cal - va -
ry, And bid us go . . in peace.

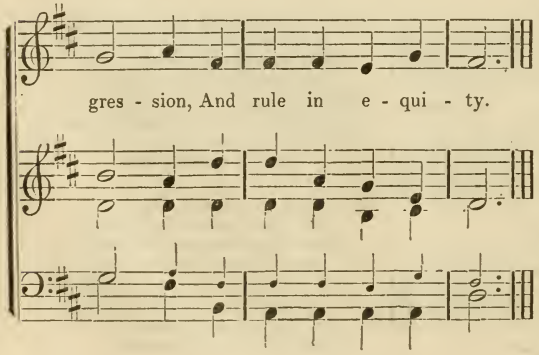
2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Can we ever hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve?
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee
Till renewed by holiness,—
Oh! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

COLUMBUS. 7s & 6s.

WITH ENERGY.

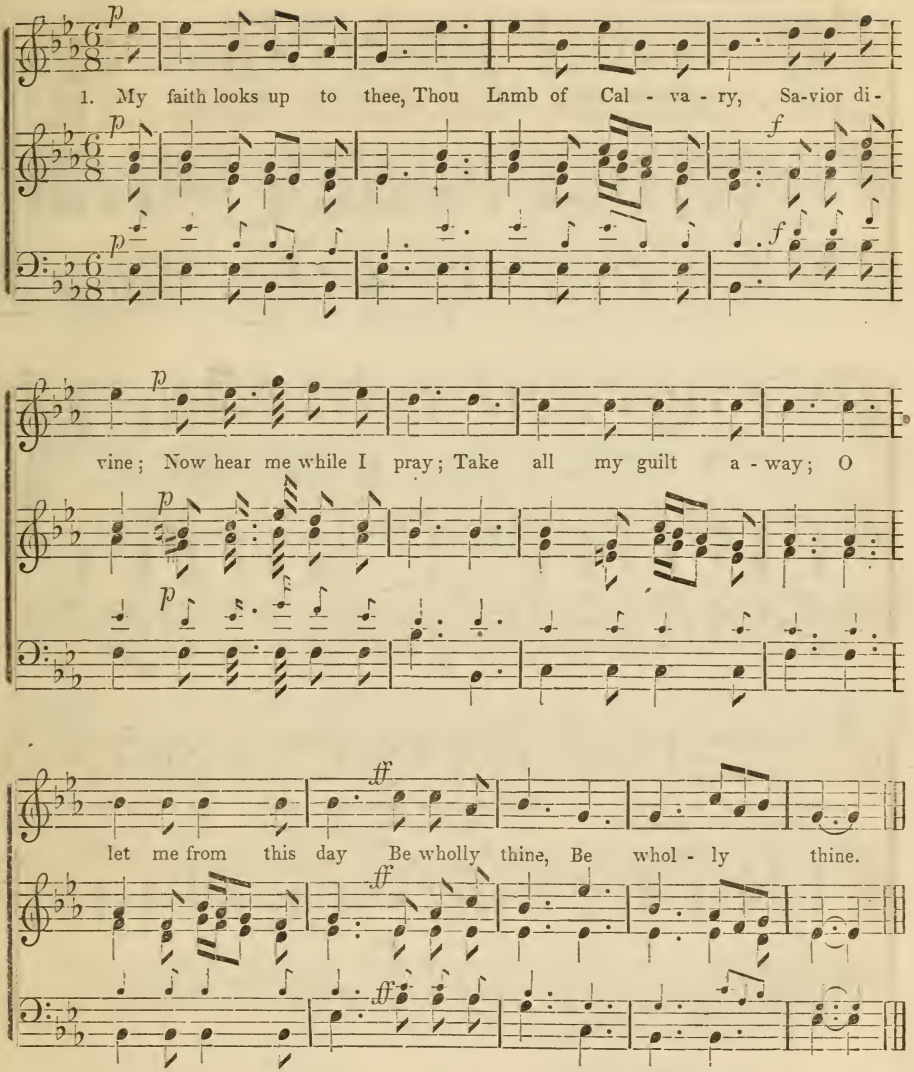

f
1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, Great Da-vid's great-er Son! Hail
in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He
comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap-tive free, To take a-way trans-
instr.



2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

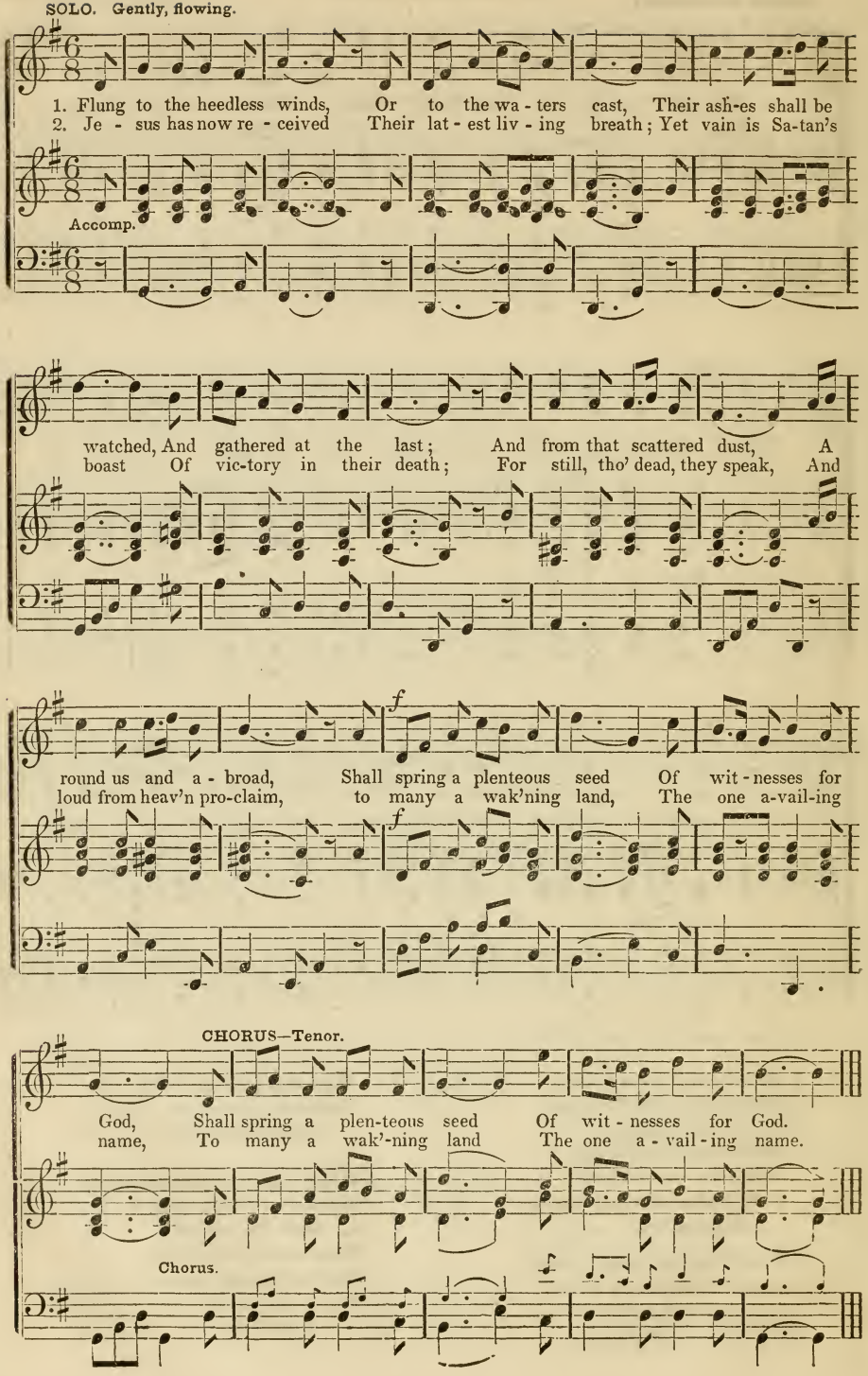
LIGHT MOVEMENT.

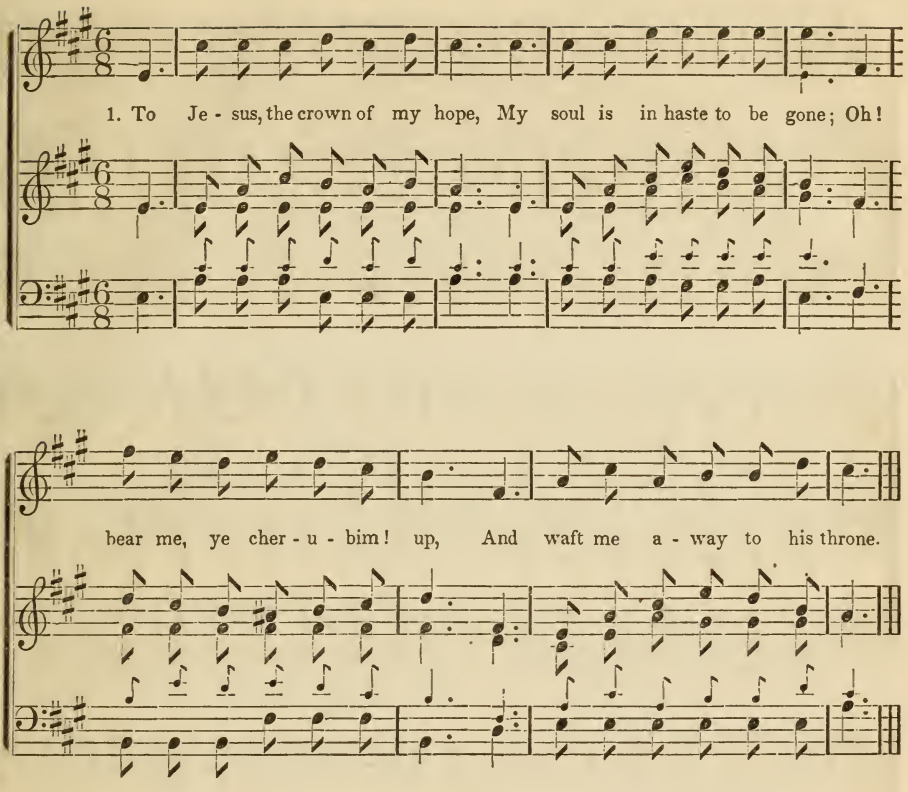

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa-vior di-
vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; O
let me from this day Be wholly thine, Be whol - ly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.


SOLO. Gently, flowing.
1. Flung to the heedless winds, Or to the wa - ters cast, Their ash-es shall be
2. Je - sus has now re - ceived Their lat - est liv - ing breath; Yet vain is Sa-tan's
Accomp.
watched, And gathered at the last; And from that scattered dust, A
boast Of vic-tory in their death; For still, tho' dead, they speak, And
f
round us and a - broad, Shall spring a plenteous seed Of wit - nesses for
loud from heav'n pro-claim, to many a wak'ning land, The one a-vail-ing
f
CHORUS—Tenor.
God, Shall spring a plen-teous seed Of wit - nesses for God.
name, To many a wak'-ning land The one a - vail - ing name.
Chorus.



Page.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

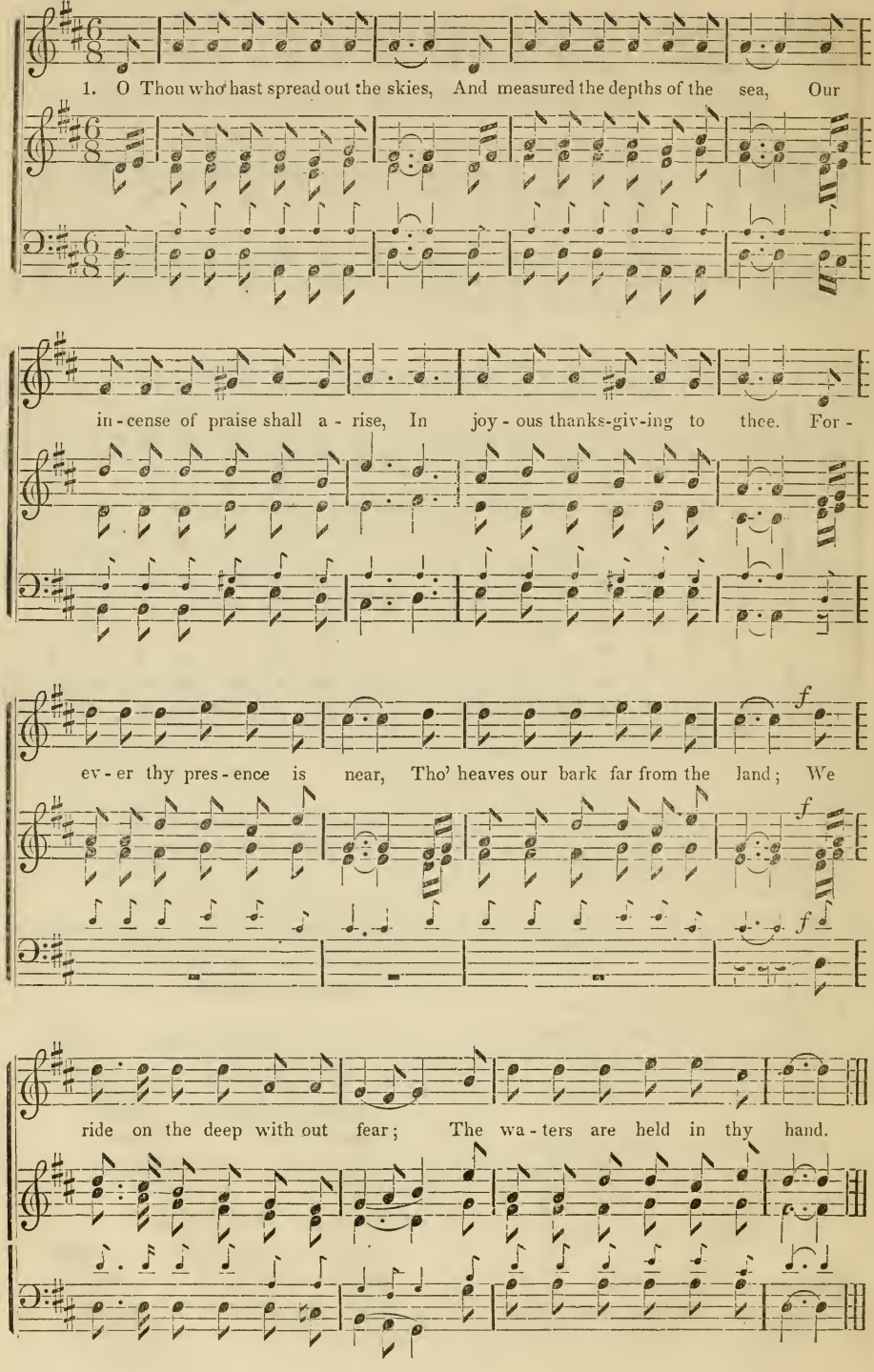
4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline:

5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall see him whom absent I loved,
Whom not having seen, I adored.

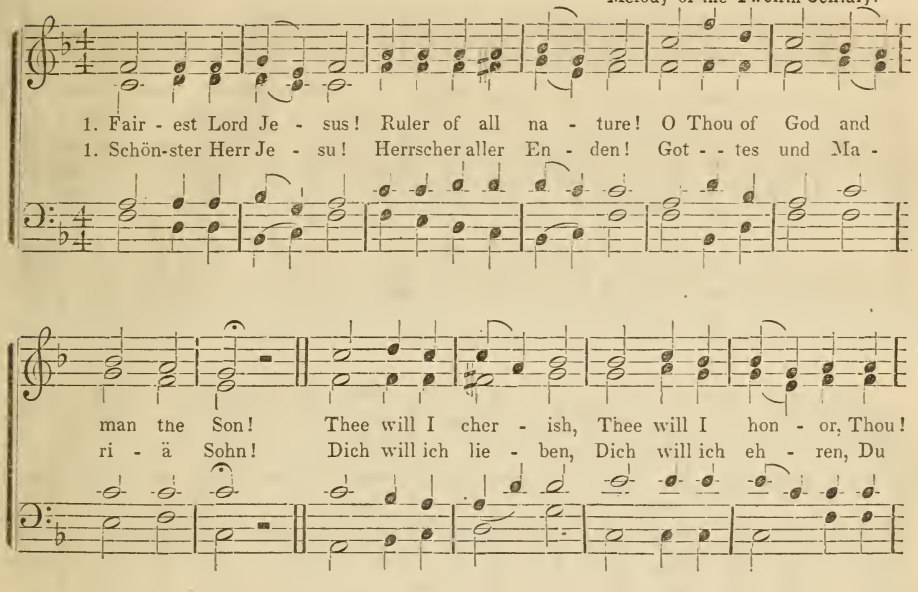
Another Hymn.

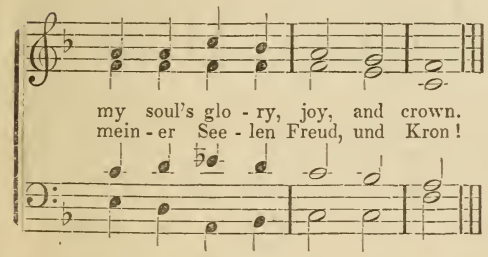
1 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come


1. O Thou who hast spread out the skies, And measured the depths of the sea, Our
in-cense of praise shall a-rise, In joy-ous thanks-giv-ing to thee. For-
ev-er thy pres-ence is near, Tho' heaves our bark far from the land; We
f
f
f
ride on the deep with out fear; The wa-ters are held in thy hand.

Melody of the Twelfth Century.


1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ruler of all na - ture! O Thou of God and
1. Schön-ster Herr Je - su! Herrscher aller En - den! Got - - tes und Ma -
man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou!
ri - ä Sohn! Dich will ich lie - ben, Dich will ich eh - ren, Du



Lynn.

1 O thou, who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
Our incense of praise shall arise
In joyous thanksgiving to thee.
Forever thy presence is near,
Though heaves our bark far from the land;
We ride on the deep without fear;
The waters are held in thy hand.

2 Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep;
Jehovah encircles us round;
Omnipotence walks on the deep.
Our Father, we look up to thee,
As on tow'rd the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Crusaders' Hymn.

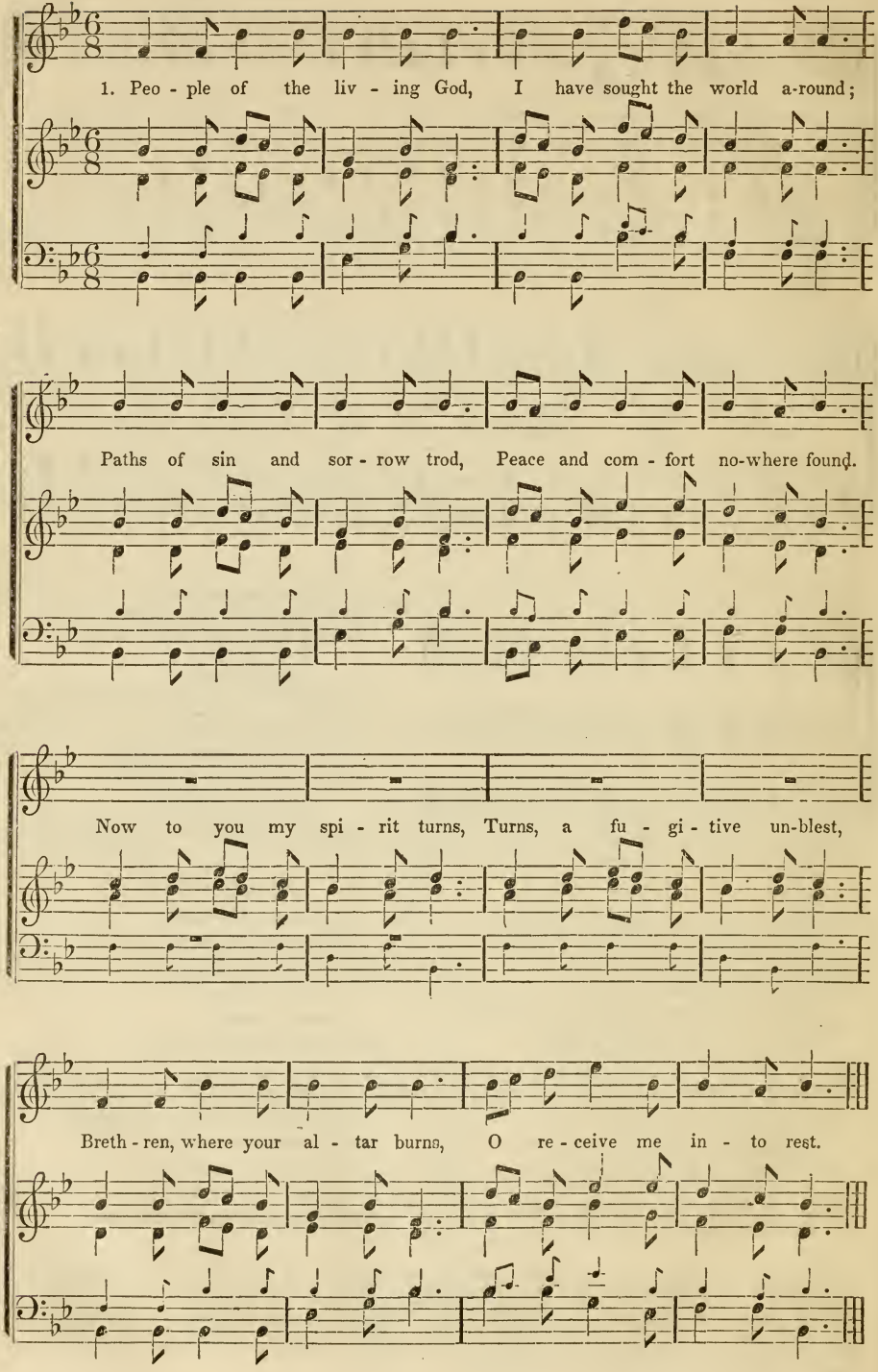
2 Schön sind die Felder,
Noch schöner sind die Wälder,
In der schönen Frünlingszeit:
Jesus ist schöner,
Jesus ist reiner,
Der unser traurig Herz erfreut.

3 Schön leucht't die Sonne,
Noch schöner leucht't der Monde,
Und die Sternlein allzumal;
Jesus leucht't schöner,
Jesus leucht't reiner,
Als all die Engel in Himmelssaal.

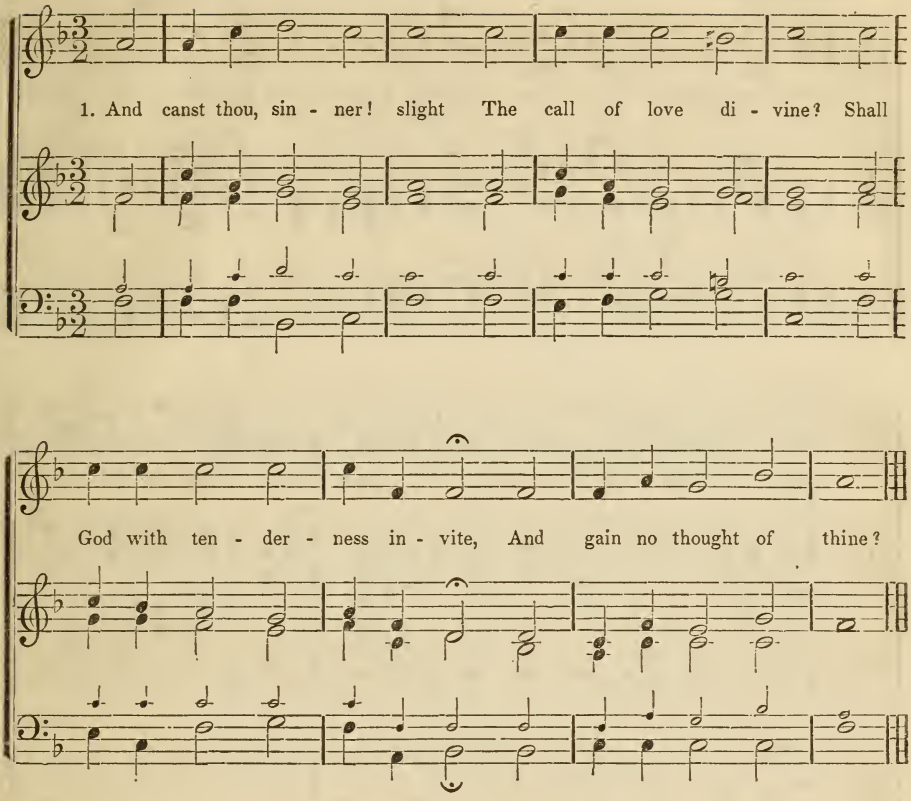
* This piece of music was first introduced in this country by R. Storrs Willis, Esq., by whose permission it is here inserted. It is deserving of a place in every collection of Psalmody. According to the traditionary text by which it is accompanied, it was wont to be sung by the German knights on their way to Jerusalem. The only hymn of the same century which, in point of style, resembles this, is one quoted in Burney from the Chatelaine de Coucy, set about the year 1190, very far inferior, however, to this. At a missionary meeting held lately in the principality of Lippe Detmold, this hymn was commenced by three voices, but ere the third verse was reached, hundreds joined in the heart-stirring song of praise.

HAVEN. 7s. Double.

C. A. MARVIN.


1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round;
Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no-where found.
Now to you my spi - rit turns, Turns, a fu - gi - tive un-blest,
Breth - ren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.

C. A. MARVIN.



Haven.

1 People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,—
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Walton.

1 And canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

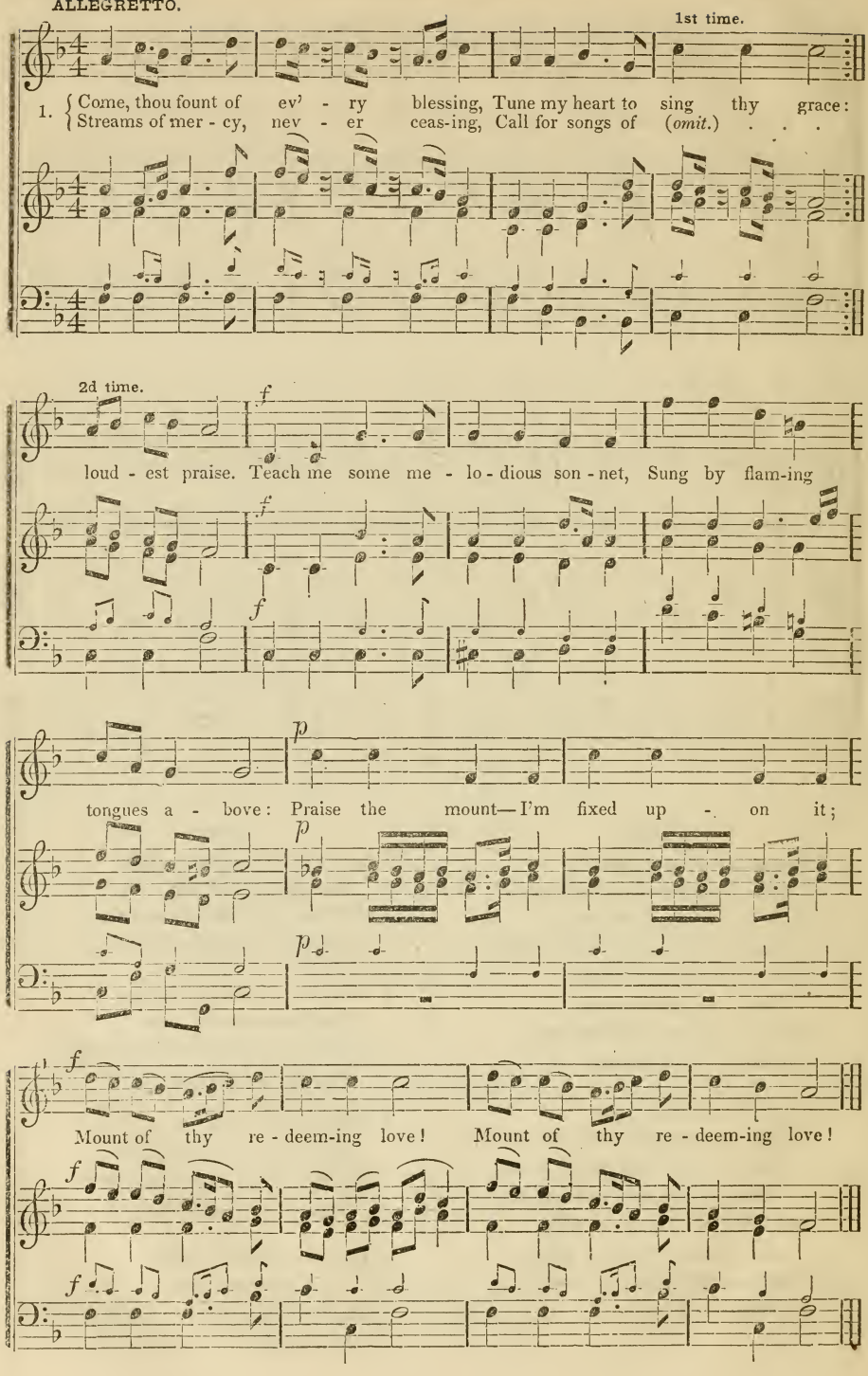
2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Savior's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

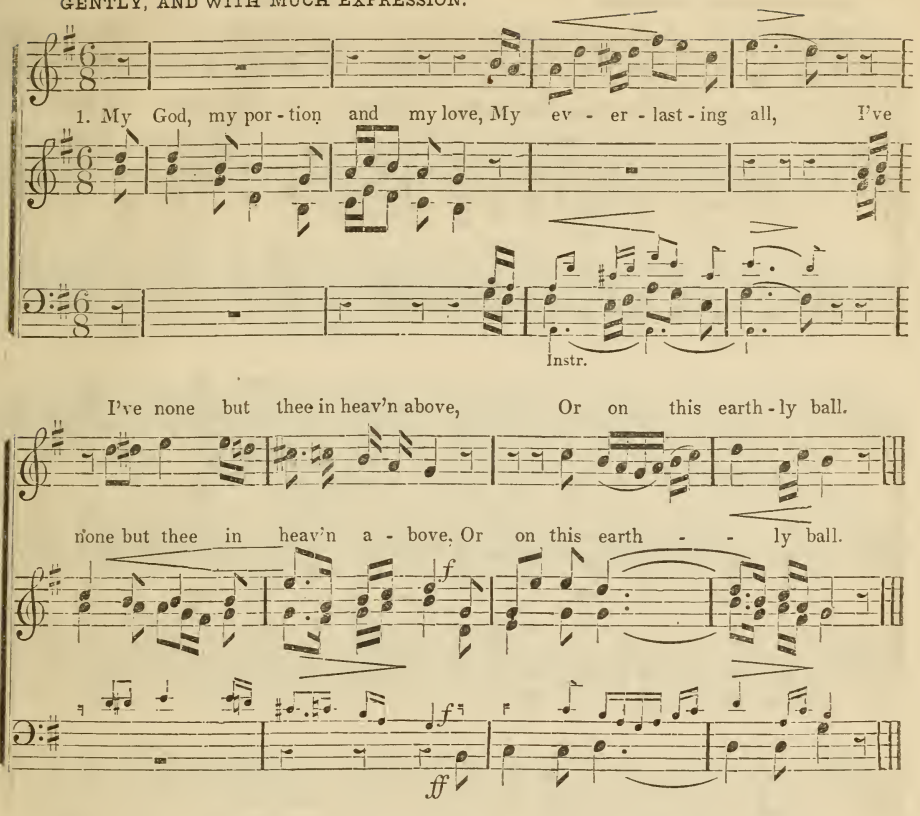
4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise,

SYRACUSE. 8s & 7s Double.

ALLEGRETTO.


1st time.
1. { Come, thou fount of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of (omit.) . . .
2d time.
f
loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing
f
f
p
tongues a - bove: Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it;
p
p
f
Mount of thy re - deem-ing love! Mount of thy re - deem-ing love!
f
f

GENTLY, AND WITH MUCH EXPRESSION.


1. My God, my por - tion and my love, My ev - er - last - ing all, I've
Instr.
I've none but thee in heav'n above, Or on this earth - ly ball.
none but thee in heav'n a - bove, Or on this earth - - ly ball.
f
ff

Syracuse.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount!—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Oh! take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

Bainbridge.

1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all;
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

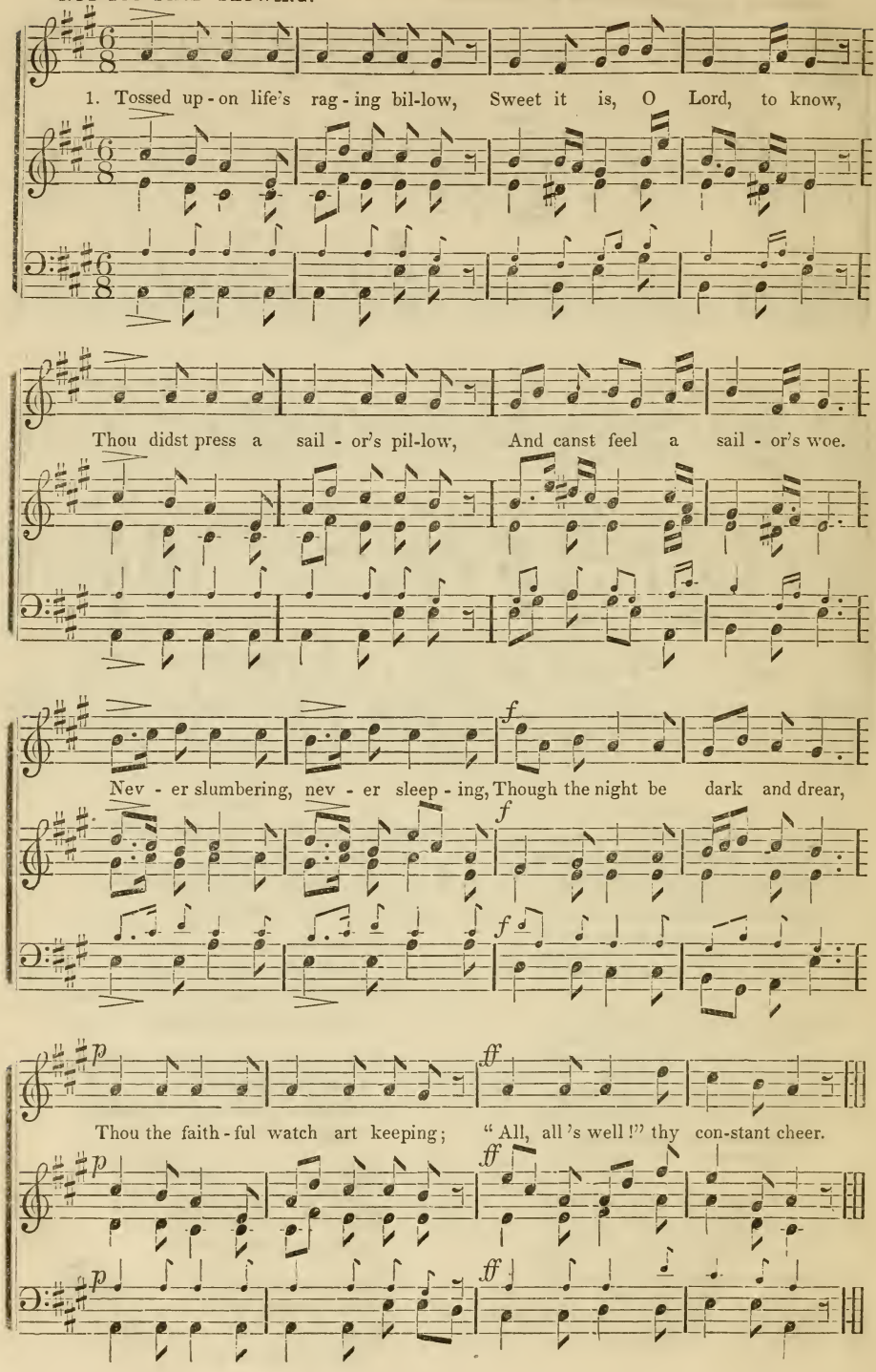
3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me!

4 If I possessed the spacious earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

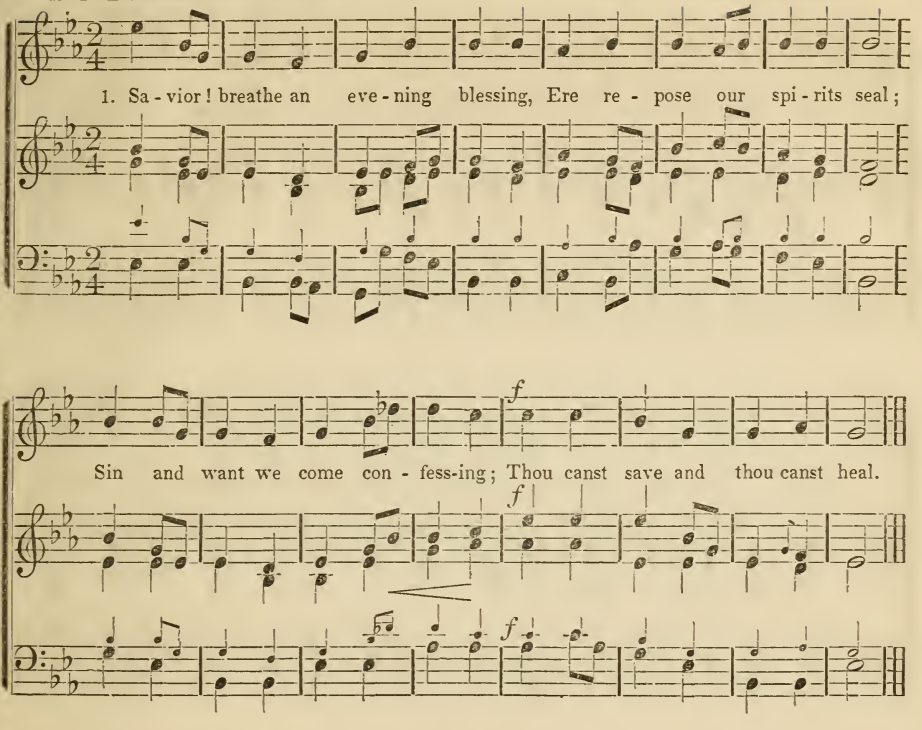
5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

LIFE'S BILLOWS. 8s & 7s Double.

NOT TOO FAST—FLOWING.


1. Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil-low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou didst press a sail - or's pil-low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe.
Nev - er slumbering, nev - er sleep - ing, Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faith - ful watch art keeping; "All, all 's well!" thy con-stant cheer.

RATHER SLOW AND GENTLE.


1. Sa - vior! breathe an eve - ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spi - rits seal;
Sin and want we come con - fess-ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
f
f
f

Life's Billows.

1 Toss'd upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red;
Darkly, though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

Milwaukee.

1 Savior! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

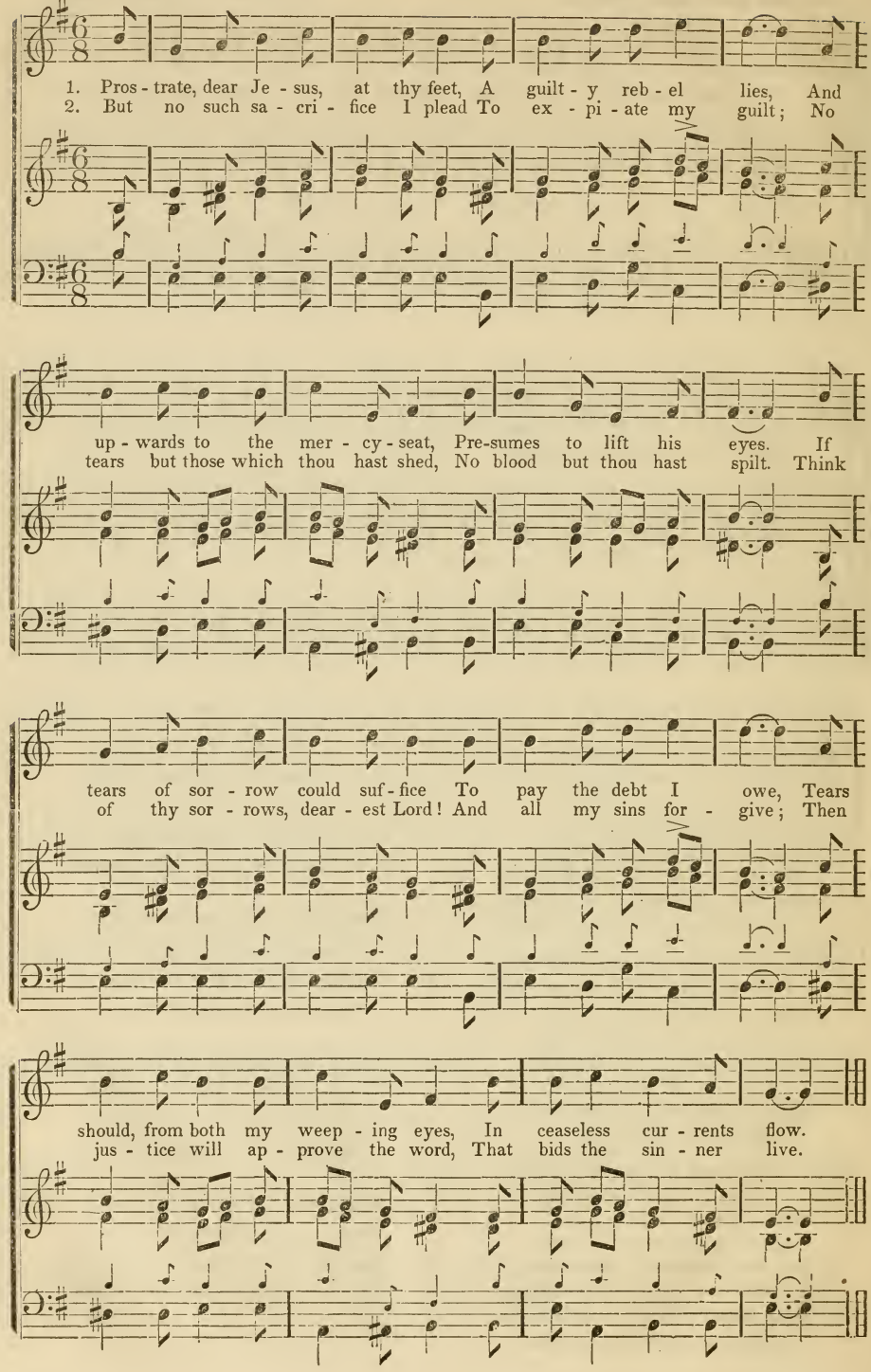
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

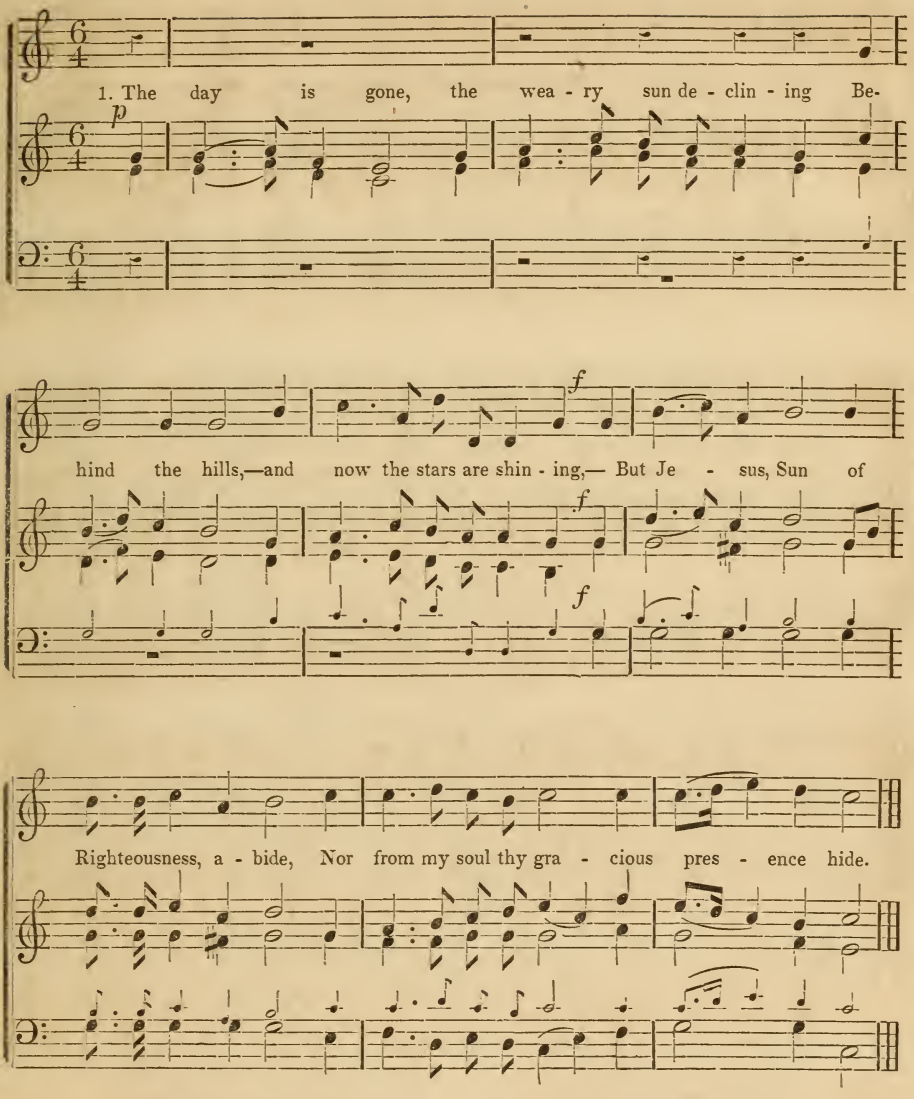
4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

READING. C. M. Double.

PLAINTIVE—NOT TOO SLOW.


1. Pros - trate, dear Je - sus, at thy feet, A guilt - y reb - el lies, And
2. But no such sa - cri - fice I plead To ex - pi - ate my guilt; No
up - wards to the mer - cy - seat, Pre-sumes to lift his eyes. If
tears but those which thou hast shed, No blood but thou hast spilt. Think
tears of sor - row could suf - fice To pay the debt I owe, Tears
of thy sor - rows, dear - est Lord! And all my sins for - give; Then
should, from both my weep - ing eyes, In ceaseless cur - rents flow.
jus - tice will ap - prove the word, That bids the sin - ner live.

ANDANTE.


1. The day is gone, the wea - ry sun de - clin - ing Be-
hind the hills,—and now the stars are shin - ing,— But Je - sus, Sun of
Righteousness, a - bide, Nor from my soul thy gra - cious pres - ence hide.

2.

'Twere utter darkness here, if thou shouldst fail me,
Where all the pow'rs of evil would assail me,
And plunge me into deeps of endless night,
Without one star to shed its glimm'ring light.

3.

Accept, O God of grace, for daily favors,
Which now and ever prompt to good endeavors,
My offer'd thanks!—and may their incense rise,
By love's pure flame enkindled from the skies.

4.

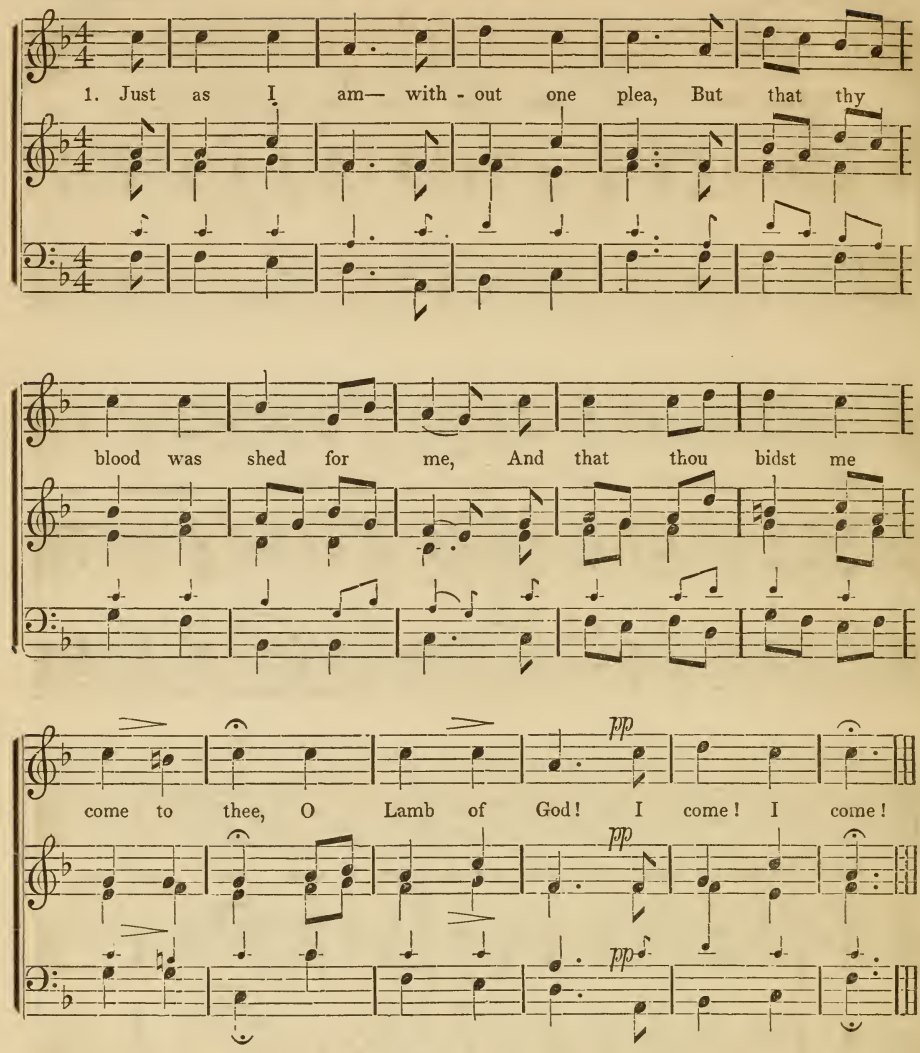
Of every wrong this day I've done before thee,
Through thy dear Son, for pardon I implore thee;
And when in sleep I rest my weary head,
Be still thy wings of love around me spread!

5.

And when life's day by night shall be o'ertaken,
May then my soul, its faith in thee unshaken,
From death's dark vale with angels soar away
To where thy presence makes eternal day.

JUST AS I AM.

RATHER SLOW.


1. Just as I am— with - out one plea, But that thy
blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me
come to thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
pp
pp
pp

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

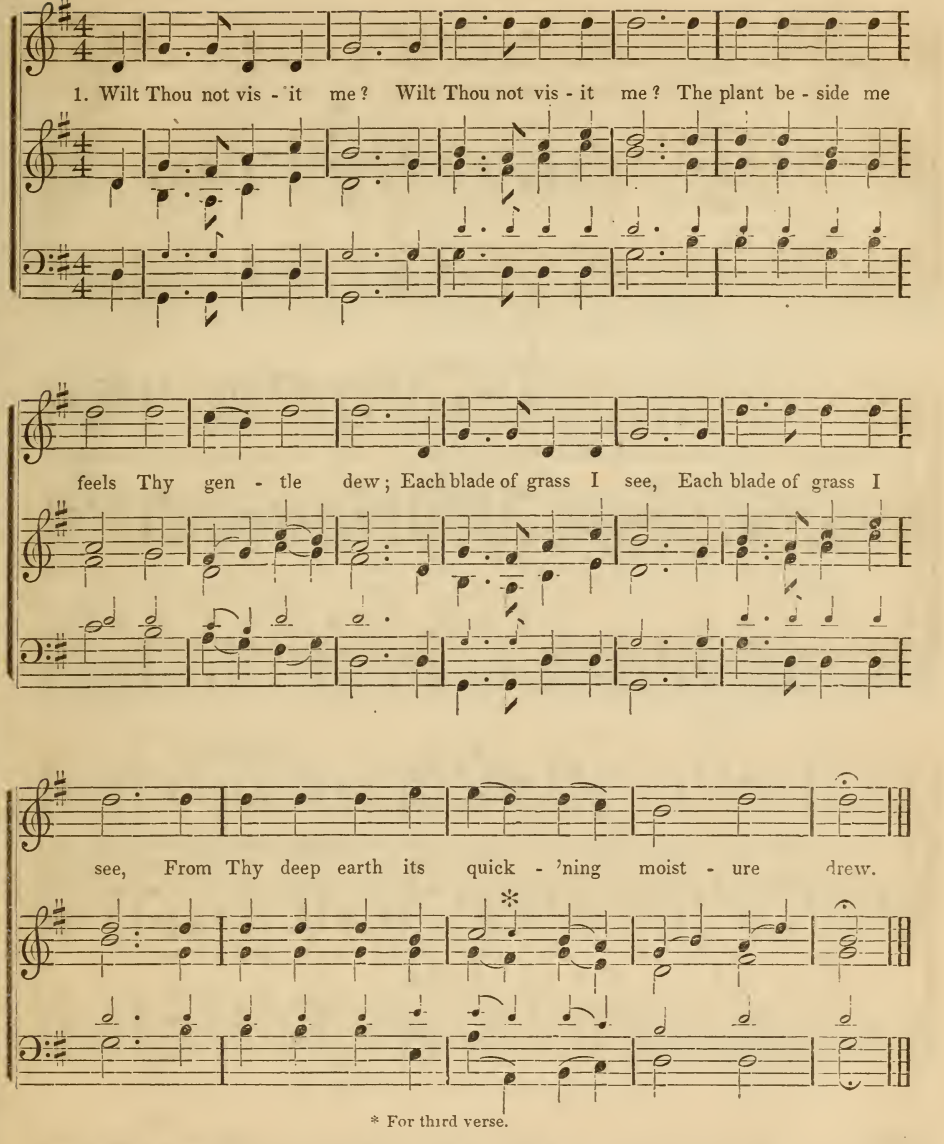
2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
'Fightings within, and fears without'
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!


1. Wilt Thou not vis - it me? Wilt Thou not vis - it me? The plant be - side me
feels Thy gen - tle dew; Each blade of grass I see, Each blade of grass I
see, From Thy deep earth its quick - 'ning moist - ure drew.

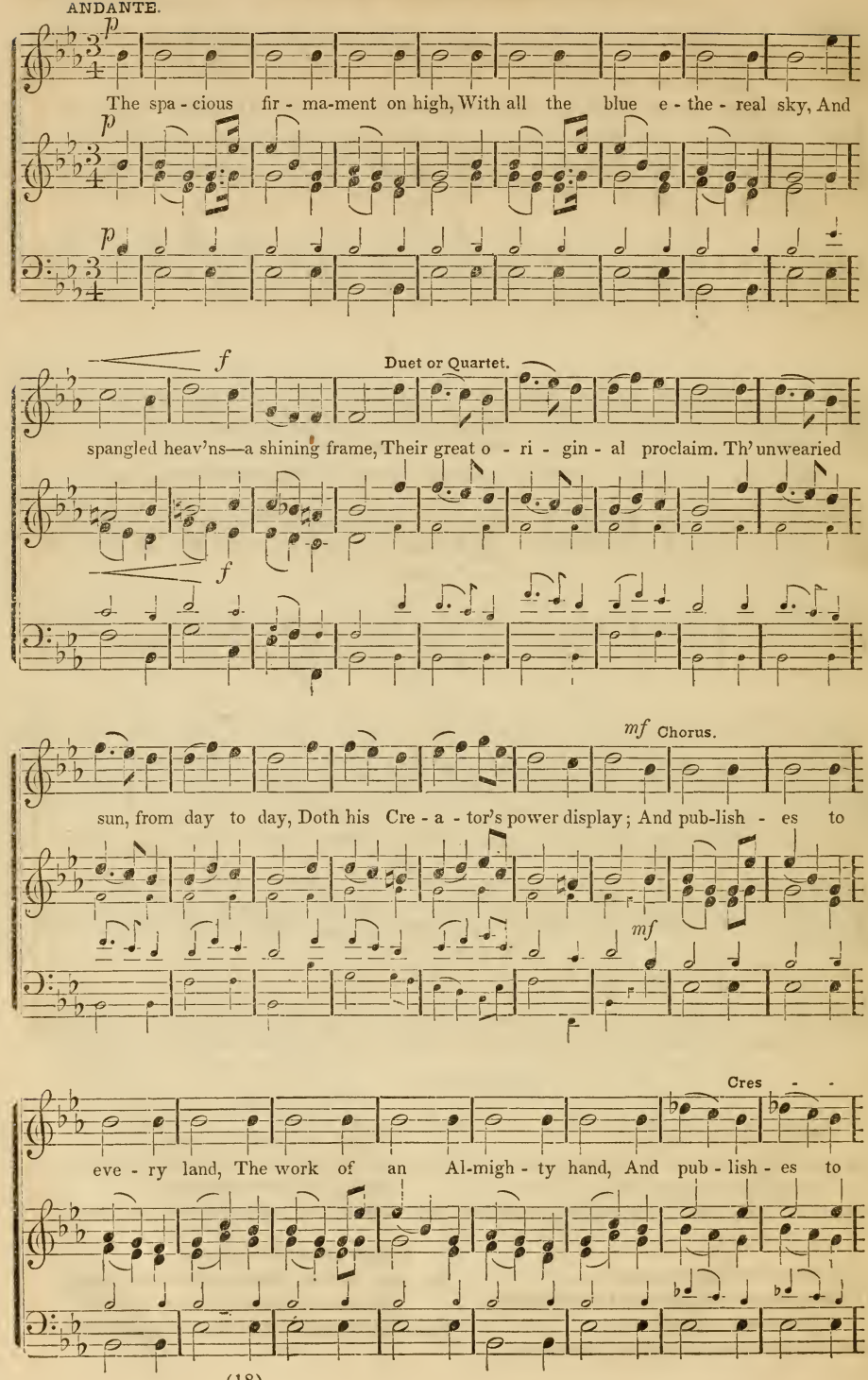
* For third verse.

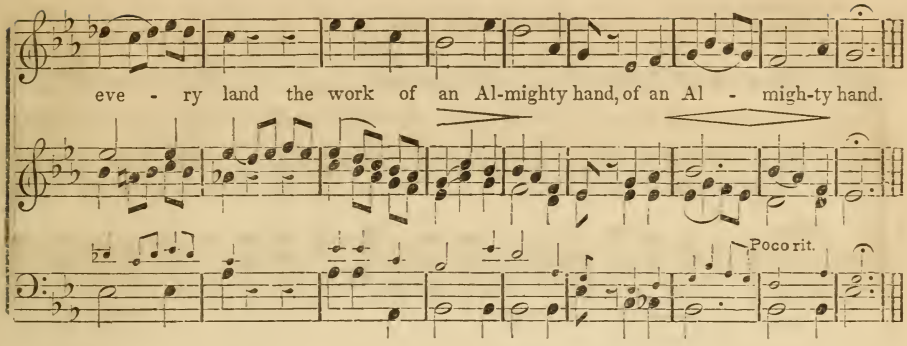
1 Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quick'ning moisture drew.

2 Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

3 Come! for I need thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

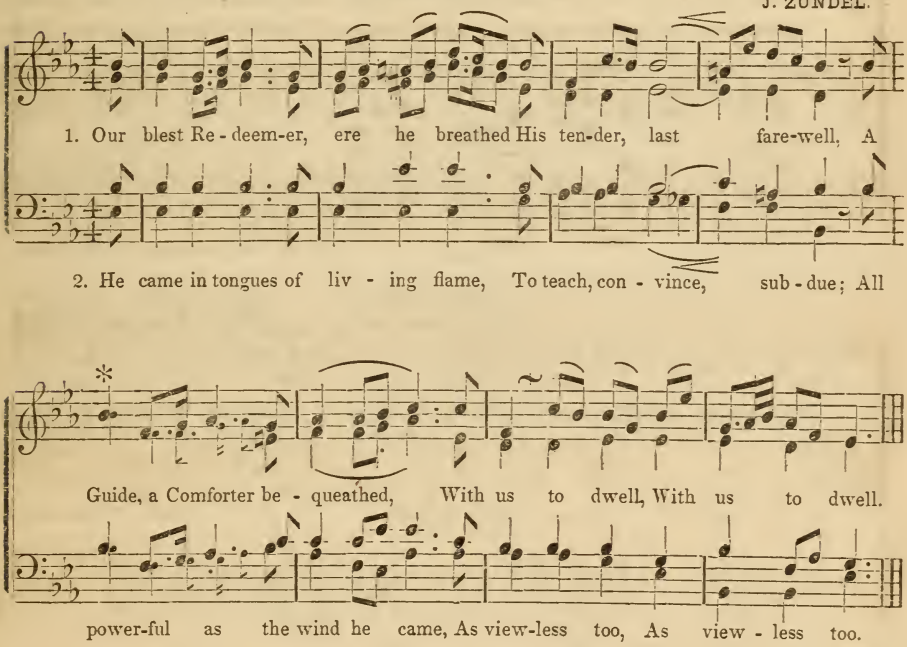
4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye delights so well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.


ANDANTE.
p
The spa - cious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And
f
Duet or Quartet.
spangled heav'ns—a shining frame, Their great o - ri - gin - al proclaim. Th' unwearied
mf Chorus.
sun, from day to day, Doth his Cre - a - tor's power display; And pub-lish - es to
Cres - -
eve - ry land, The work of an Al-migh - ty hand, And pub - lish - es to



FARLEY. P. M.

J. ZUNDEL.


1. Our blest Re - deem-er, ere he breathed His ten-der, last fare-well, A
2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due; All
Guide, a Comforter be - queathed, With us to dwell, With us to dwell.
power-ful as the wind he came, As view-less too, As view - less too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest;
While he can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

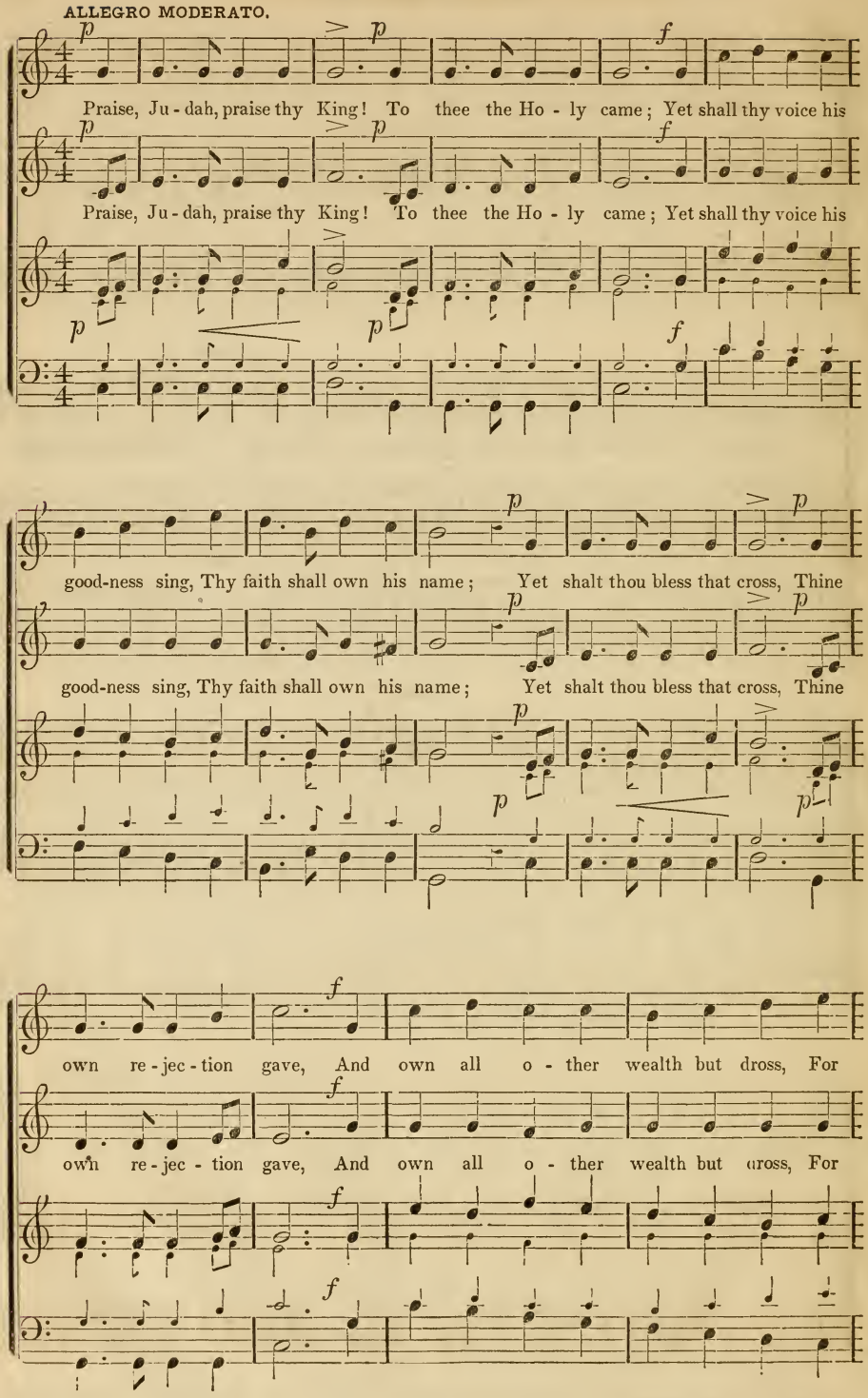
6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

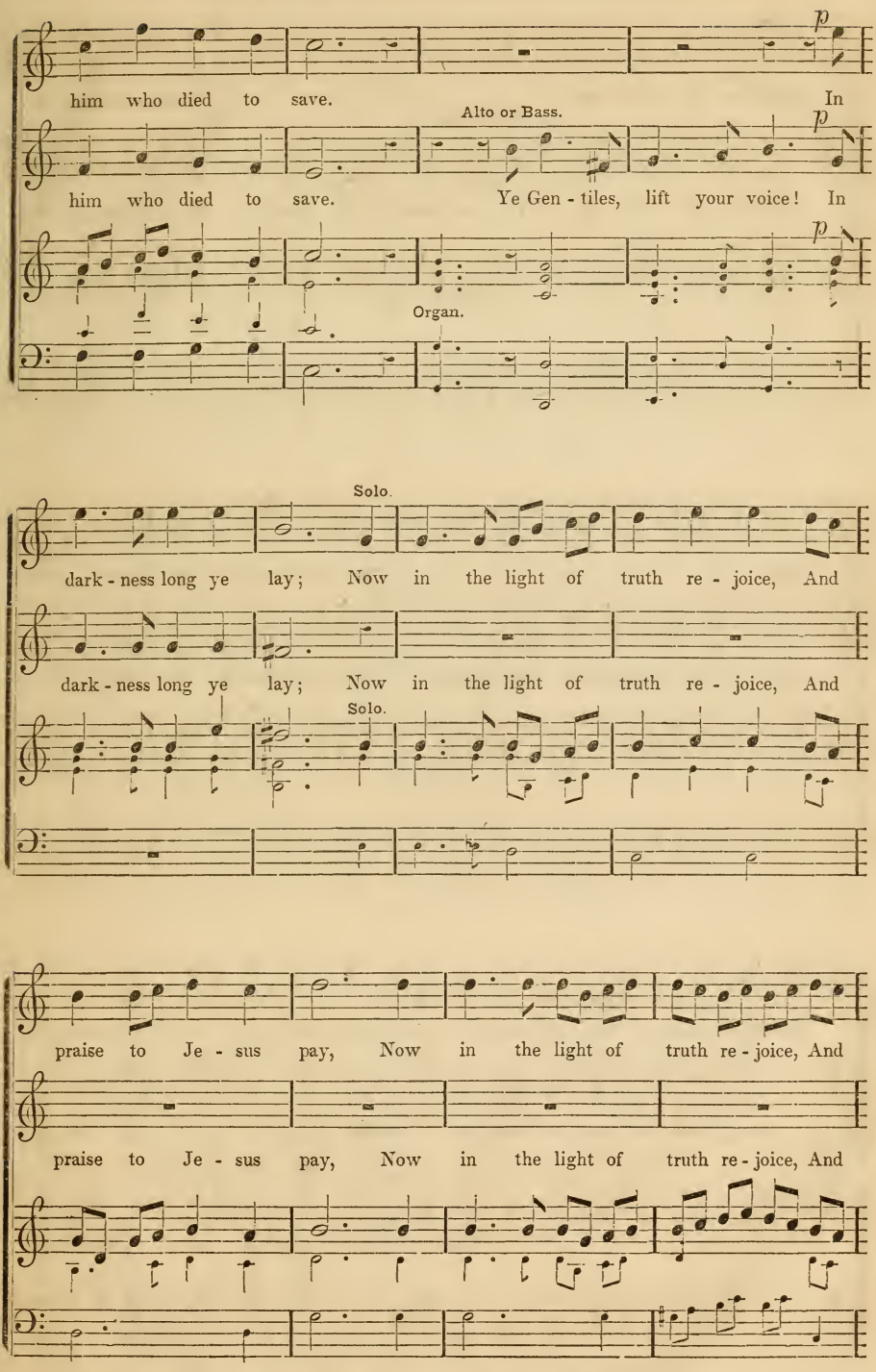
* Small notes for the first, large notes for the following verses.

CHANTING STYLE.
Bass or Alto Solo, or Chorus from the Organ Score.
1. What sin-ners val-ue I resign; Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine: I shall behold thy
Organ.
Ped.
Bass Chorus. pp
blissful face, And stand complete in righ-teous-ness. This life's a dream, an empty show,
p
Swell.
Ped.
Bass & Tenor.
f
Solo.
p
But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and
Great Op. & St.
Organ. Diap.
Swell.
Ped.
Chorus—Allegro.
find me there? O, glo rious hour! O, blest a - bode! I shall be
ff
Echo, with Dulciana,
or, if there be none, with Diap.
ff

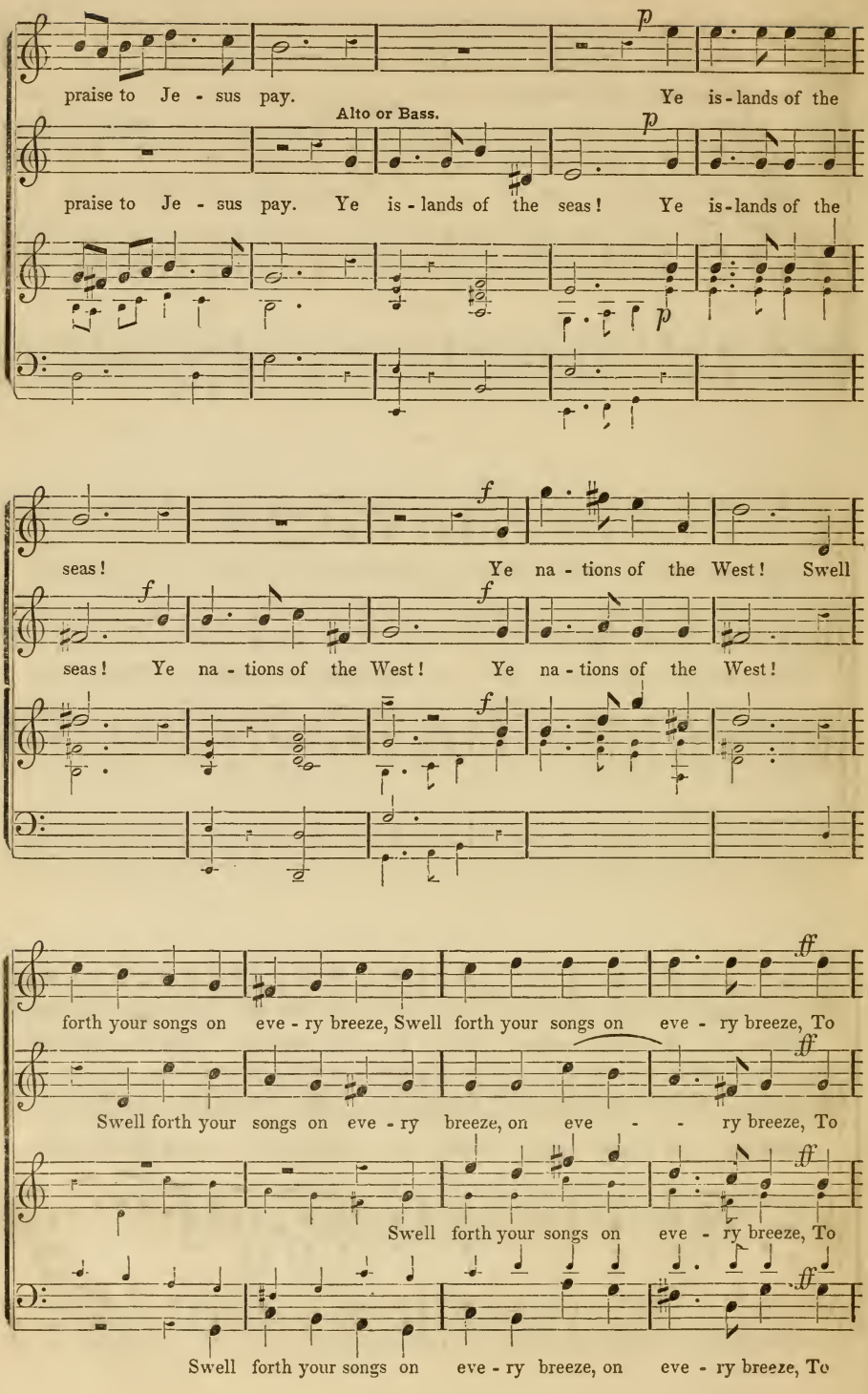
mf
near and like my God! And flesh and sin no more con - trol The sa - cred
mf
Bassi p
plea-sures of the soul, The sa - cred plea-sures of the soul. My flesh shall slumber
Organ.
Tenor.
f
in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet sur - prise, And
*
f
f
f
f
Ped.
in my Sa - vior's im - age rise, And in my Sa - vior's im - age rise.

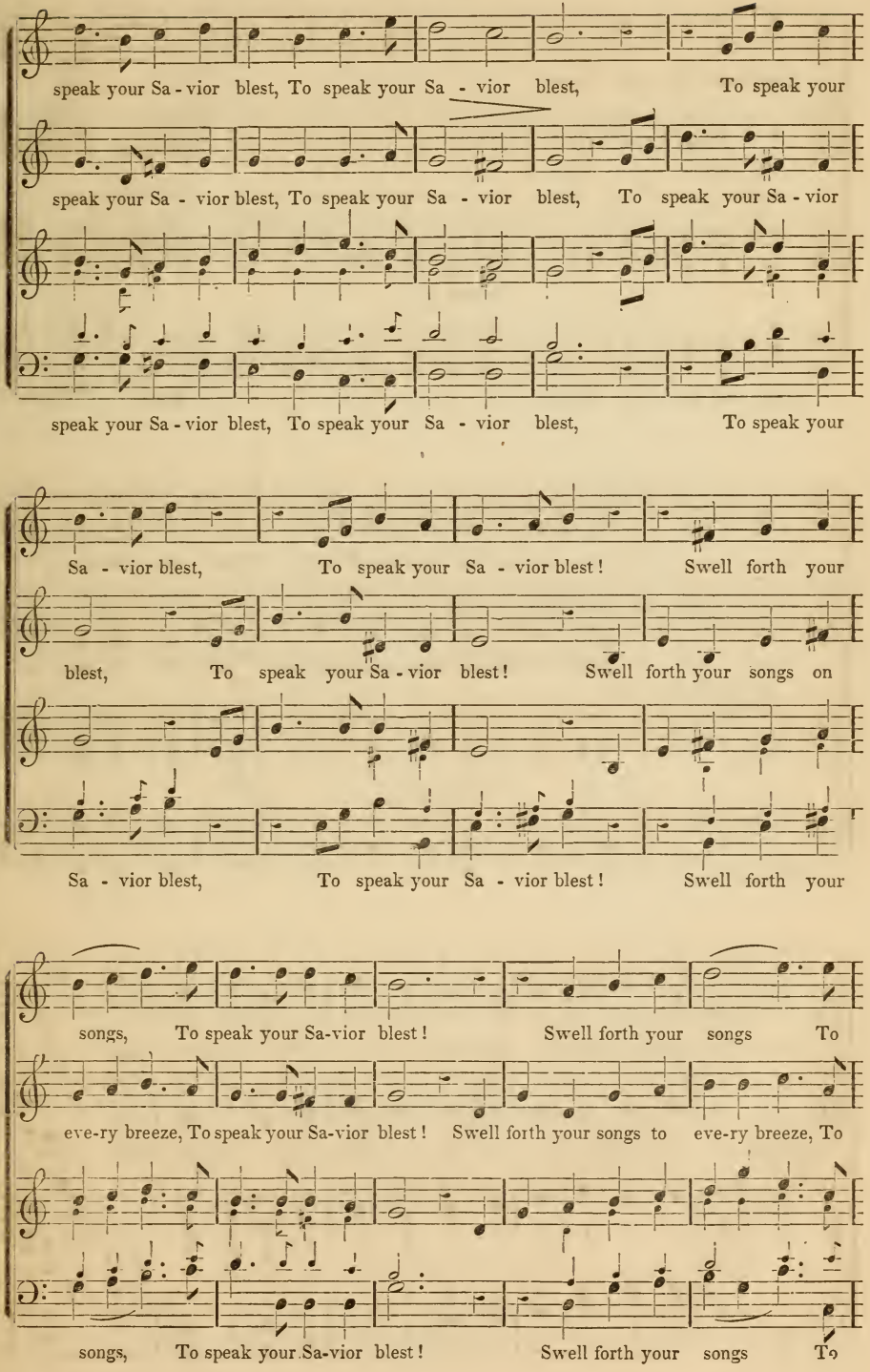
* If there be a good Trumpet in the Organ, the player may throw it out, as also some additional stops on the swell.


ALLEGRO MODERATO.
Praise, Ju - dah, praise thy King! To thee the Ho - ly came; Yet shall thy voice his
Praise, Ju - dah, praise thy King! To thee the Ho - ly came; Yet shall thy voice his
good-ness sing, Thy faith shall own his name; Yet shalt thou bless that cross, Thine
good-ness sing, Thy faith shall own his name; Yet shalt thou bless that cross, Thine
own re - jec - tion gave, And own all o - ther wealth but dross, For
own re - jec - tion gave, And own all o - ther wealth but dross, For

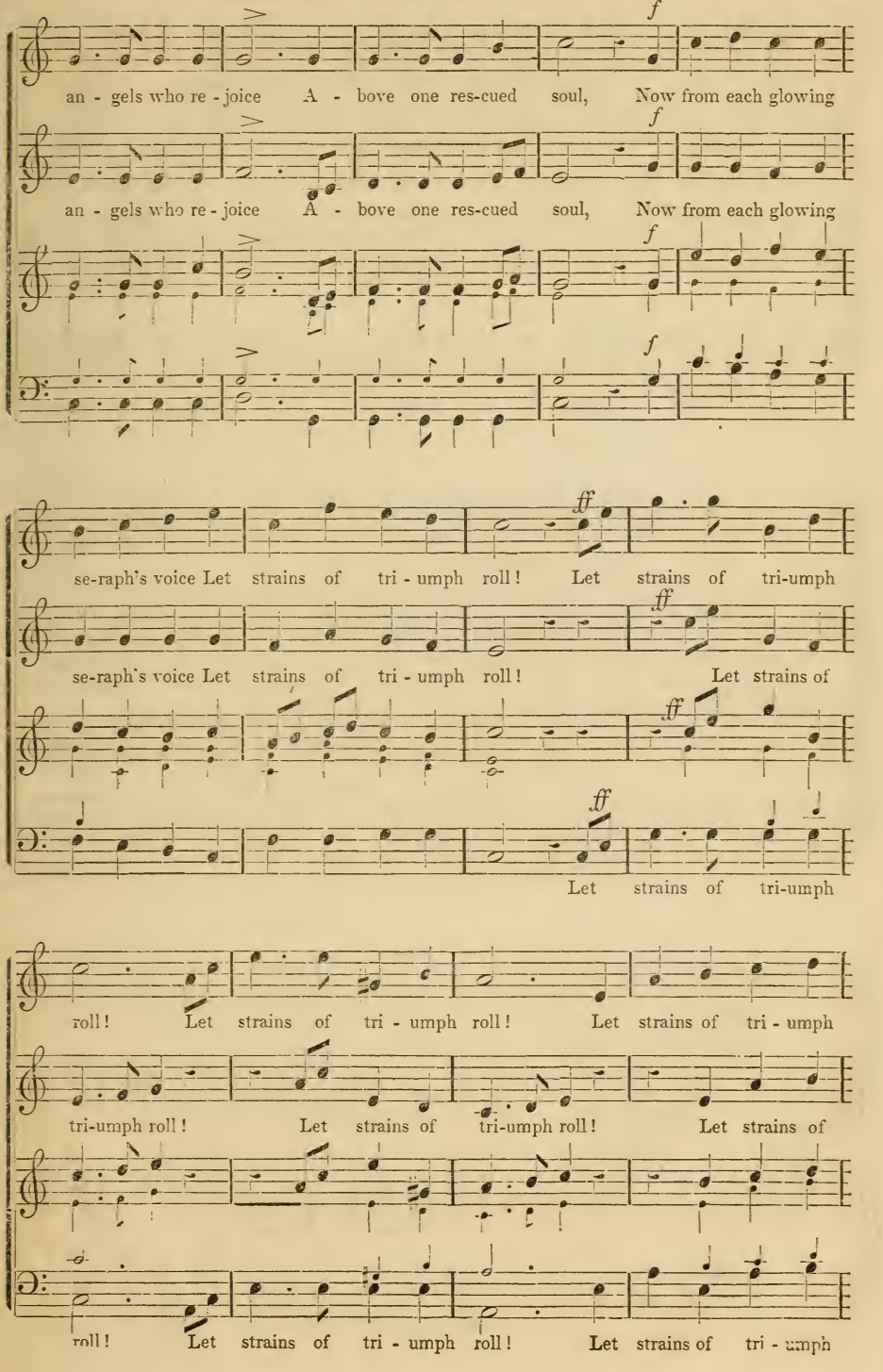

him who died to save.
In
Alto or Bass.
him who died to save.
Ye Gen - tiles, lift your voice! In
Organ.
Solo.
dark - ness long ye lay; Now in the light of truth re - joice, And
dark - ness long ye lay; Now in the light of truth re - joice, And
Solo.
praise to Je - sus pay, Now in the light of truth re - joice, And
praise to Je - sus pay, Now in the light of truth re - joice, And

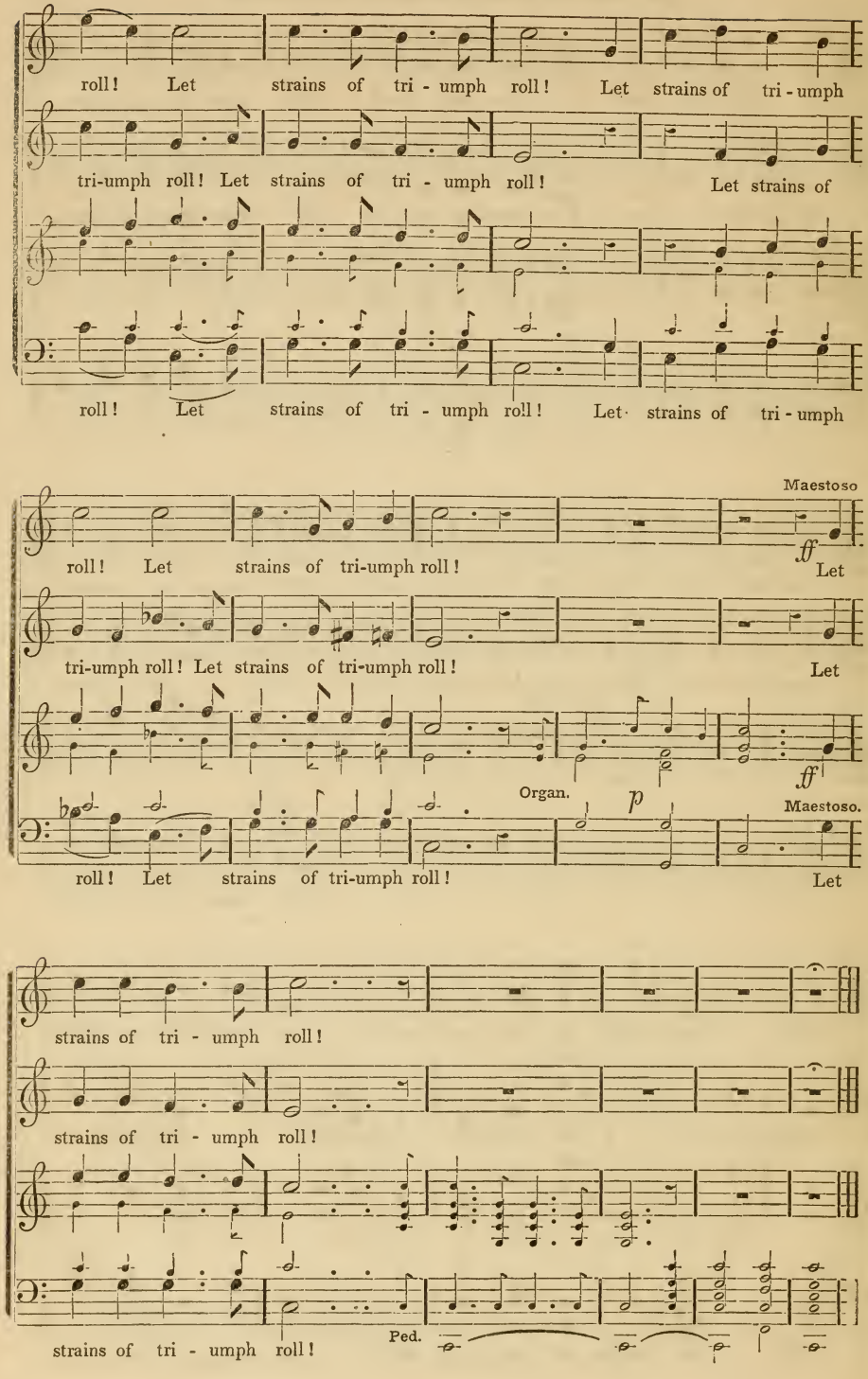
PRAISE, JUDAH, PRAISE THY KING.


p
praise to Je - sus pay. Ye is - lands of the
Alto or Bass.
p
praise to Je - sus pay. Ye is - lands of the seas! Ye is - lands of the
p
f
seas! Ye na - tions of the West! Swell
f
f
seas! Ye na - tions of the West! Ye na - tions of the West!
f
ff
forth your songs on eve - ry breeze, Swell forth your songs on eve - ry breeze, To
ff
Swell forth your songs on eve - ry breeze, on eve - - ry breeze, To
ff
Swell forth your songs on eve - ry breeze, To
ff
Swell forth your songs on eve - ry breeze, on eve - ry breeze, To


speak your Sa - vior blest, To speak your Sa - vior blest, To speak your
speak your Sa - vior blest, To speak your Sa - vior blest, To speak your Sa - vior
speak your Sa - vior blest, To speak your Sa - vior blest, To speak your
Sa - vior blest, To speak your Sa - vior blest! Swell forth your
blest, To speak your Sa - vior blest! Swell forth your songs on
Sa - vior blest, To speak your Sa - vior blest! Swell forth your
songs, To speak your Sa-vior blest! Swell forth your songs To
eve-ry breeze, To speak your Sa-vior blest! Swell forth your songs to eve-ry breeze, To
songs, To speak your Sa-vior blest! Swell forth your songs To

speak your Sa - vior blest!
speak your Sa - vior blest!
Organ
ff
speak your Sa - vior blest!
Pedal.
p
Thou, heaven, in rap - turous shout, The ju - bi - lee pro -
Thou, heaven, in rap - turous shout, The ju - bi - lee pro -
f
p
long! Ye chim-ing spheres, a - gain ring out Your u - ni - ver - sal song! Ye
long! Ye chim-ing spheres, a - gain ring out Your u - ni - ver - sal song! Ye


an - gels who re - joice A - bove one res-cued soul, Now from each glowing
an - gels who re - joice A - bove one res-cued soul, Now from each glowing
se-raph's voice Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of tri-umph
se-raph's voice Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of
Let strains of tri-umph
roll! Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of tri - umph
tri-umph roll! Let strains of tri-umph roll! Let strains of
roll! Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of tri - umph


roll! Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of tri - umph
tri-umph roll! Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of
roll! Let strains of tri - umph roll! Let strains of tri - umph
Maestoso
roll! Let strains of tri-umph roll!
ff
Let
tri-umph roll! Let strains of tri-umph roll!
Let
Organ.
p
ff
Maestoso.
roll! Let strains of tri-umph roll!
Let
strains of tri - umph roll!
strains of tri - umph roll!
Ped.
strains of tri - umph roll!

METRICAL INDEX.

PAGE

L. M.

Ararat 17
Benefactor 6
Bethlehem—Double 16
Crucifixion 19
Daybreak 12
Freeland 7
Herman 12
Hosanna 5
Landor 13
Missouri 9
Morgan 21
Neander—6 lines 18
Newtown 10
Orion—Double 14
Promise 15
Ropes 6
Supplication—Double 20
St. Petersburgh—6 lines 11
The Star of Bethlehem—D.. 8
Vietor 10

C. M.

Abo—Double 28
Ansonia 23
Bainbridge 77
Easton 29
Evening Devotion 22
Hartford—Double 26
Merrill 24
Reading—Double 80
Vernon 27

S. M.

Astoria 33
Cincinnati 34
Crystal 31
Louisville 30
Newell 30
Niagara 35
Spring—Double 32
Walton 75

L. P. M.

Morning 36

C. P. M.

Chicago 37

H. M.

Brooklyn 39
Cromwell 38
Howitt 40
Oriole 41

7s.

Bartholdy 43
Barnes 47
Burgess—Double 46
Claudia—6 lines 49
Esther—6 lines 50
Haven—Double 74
Ilsley 48
Indianopolis 45
Lafon 42
Newark 42
Oberlin 44

8s & 7s.

Anthony 51
Calvary—6 lines 59
Choral 57
Devotion—Double 56
Esther—Double 50
Frost—Double 53
Hope—Double 54
Life's Billows 78
Mount Zion—Double 52
Milwaukee 79
New Haven—Double 58
Pilgrim—Double 55
Syracuse—Double 76
Williamsburgh—Double 60

8s, 7s & 4s.

Brandt 63
Corinth 61
Welcome 62

7s & 6s.

Columbus 68
Monadnock 65
Orlando 64
Pollock—Peculiar 67
Utica 66

6s & 4s.

Andover 69

6s.

Alauda 70

5s, 6s & 8s.

Crusaders' Hymn 73

8s.

Page 71
Lynn—Double 72

11, 10, P. M.

Egelston 81

P. M.

Farley 85
Just as I am 82
Wilt thou not visit me? 83

Anthems.

Praise, Judah, praise thy King 88
The spacious firmament on high 84
What sinners value I resign.. 86

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
And must this body die	30
And canst thou, sinner! slight	75
Angel roll the rock away	44
Another six days work is done	7
Away from every mortal care	6
Blow ye the trumpet! blow	39
Come hither all ye weary souls	15
Come every pious heart	38
Come to Calvary's holy mountain	59
Come thou fount of every blessing	76
Could my heart so hard remain	43
Depth of mercy! can there be	42
Eternal source of every joy	9
Fairest Lord Jesus	73
Flung to the heedless winds	70
From the cross, uplifted high	49
Gently, Lord! O gently lead us	55
Glorious things of thee are spoken	52
Great God, attend, while Zion sings	17
Great God, our strength, to thee we cry	20
Great Shepherd of thine Israel	13
Great is the Lord our God	31
Happy soul, thy days are ending	53
Hail to the Lord's anointed	68
Here at thy cross, incarnate God	19
Hearken, Lord, to my complaint	50
How blessed the sacred tie that binds	10
How pleasant, how divinely fair	12
How pleasing is thy voice	41
How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord	28
I stand on Zion's mount	30
Jesus the Savior's name	35
Jesus! Lord! we look to thee	42
Just as I am	82
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong	10
Know, my soul, thy full salvation	54
Lamb of God! whose bleeding love	67
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	50
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray	22
Lord! how secure my conscience was	27
Lord! we come before thee now	46
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	61
Lo! the Lord Jehovah liveth	51
Love divine, all love excelling	56
Men of God, go take your stations	63
My faith looks up to thee	69
My God, my portion and my love	77
My God, accept my early vows	21
Now be the gospel-banner	65
Now begin the heavenly theme	45
Now to the Lord a noble song	5
O God thou art my God alone	12
O God! my gracious God, to thee	36
O happy day that fixed my choice	6
O! how divine, how sweet the joy	25
O Lord, I would delight in thee	26
O, my God, by thee forsaken	58
O Thou, who hast spread out the skies	72
O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith	37
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	85
O Zion! tune thy voice	40
Parting soul, the floods await thee	57
People of the living God	74
Praise, Judah, (Anthem)	88
Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet	80
Redeemer! grant thy blessing!	64
Savior! breathe an evening blessing	79
Sin, like a venomous disease	29
Soldiers of Christ, arise	34
Songs of praise the angels sang	48
Stretched on the cross, the Savior dies	19
Sweet is the time of spring	32
The day is gone, the weary sun declining	87
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!	14
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	18
The spacious firmament, (Anthem)	84
Thou gracious God and kind	33
To thee, my God and Savior	66
To Jesus, the crown of my hope	71
Tossed upon life's raging billows	78
Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer	62
What sinners value I resign, (Anthem)	86
When gathering storms around I view	11
When marshaled on the nightly plain	8, 16
When Sabbath bells have ceased	60
With cheerful notes let all the earth	23
Will God forever cast me off	24
Wilt thou not visit me?	83